







THE  
Pastoral Amours  
OF  
DAPHNIS  
AND  
CHLOE  
In FOUR BOOKS.

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Written Originally in *Greek* by *Longus*.  
Translated into *English* By JAMES  
CRAGGS *Esq*;

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Adorn'd with Ten Curious CUTS.

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These Sheets paint Nature, scorn all Art;  
And Shew the Force of CUPID'S Dart.  
DAPHNIS and CHLOE with a Gust,  
Pursue chaste Love devoid of Lust.

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The FOURTH EDITION.

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# Advertisement

TO THE

R E A D E R.

**T**HE Right Honourable *James Craggs*, Esq; (one of his late Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State) was so highly pleased with reading, a French Version, of *the Amours of Daphnis and Chloe*, that he wrote the following Lines in the first Leaf,

These Sheets paint *Nature*, scorn all Art;  
And shew the Force of *Cupid's* Dart.  
*Daphnis* and *Chloe* with a Gust,  
Pursue chaste Love, devoid of Lust.

And the Cuts of the *French* Edition, which are beautifully copied in this *English* one, were Designed by the Duke of *Orleans* Regent of *France*.

The most considerable Advantage that an Author derives from *Pastoral*

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*ral Writing*, is, that he has an Opportunity of pleasing Great and Noble Spirits, who are always the best Judges of *Integrity*, as their own Sentiments are removed from the common way of Thinking, and agreeable to the Personages *therein* represented. *Longus* was happy, in proving an Instance of the Truth of this Observation, by hitting the Taste of a Statesman who resembled the most consummate Heroes of Antiquity in many of their greatest Qualities. The same Zeal, the same Honour, and Love of their Country which warmed their Breasts, did upon all Occasions, when called upon in Council, animate the Bosom of Mr. CRAGGS. We have had *Plots* and *Rebellions* even under the happy Establishment of the most Illustrious House of *Hanover*, but thank Heaven we have had Monarchs and Statesmen too Wise and Vigilant to suffer them to Succeed! No Man *Bleeds* in *England* now for asserting the Liberties of his Country; the unhappy Fate  
of

*Advertisement to the Reader.*

of our Predecessors was turned, as it ought to be, on *Parricides*, and *Traytors*.

If to say that the *British* Councils have a considerable Share in promoting the Interest of our Country, it was when such Counsellors as Mr. CRAGGS presided.

If encouraging Loyalty, and discountenancing both *Home-bred* and *Foreign Factions*, be to flatter; This I will say in the Teeth of *Envy*, and speak it loudly to the *deaf Ear* of a *Disaffected Party*. Forgive me noble Shade, for thus offering to describe thy Character, my dearest Friend and School-Fellow.

Publick Virtues cannot escape Publick Notice; and we must talk of Men famous in their Time, as we do of Blessings from Above. Thus does Mr. *Addison* Record them, in his excellent Poem *The Campaign*, upon mentioning Prince *EUGENE* and the Duke of *MARLBOROUGH*.

Great Souls by Instinct, to each other Turn,  
Demand Alliance, and for Friendship burn;



## Advertisement to the Reader.

Polish'd in Courts, but harden'd in the Field,  
Renown'd for Conquest, and in Council skill'd,  
Their Actions still proclaim them Good and Great  
And make the Heroes and the Men Compleat.

The virtuous Deeds of *Daphnis*  
and *Chloe* are hereby Dedicated to  
their most proper Patron, who him-  
self took them under his own Pro-  
tection. Mr. CRAGGS's *Memory* will  
preserve *Theirs*, and the World will  
be afraid or ashamed to Censure any  
Work that bore the Stamp of his  
Approbation.

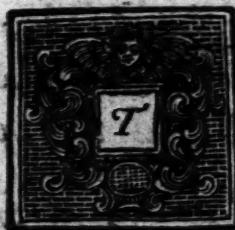
This great Man died in the 41st  
Year of his Age, 1720. and was in-  
terred in *Westminster-Abbey*. His  
Ashes Mr. *Pope* has consecrated by  
the following Lines,

Statesman, yet Friend to Truth! in Soul sincere,  
In Action faithful, and in Honour clear;  
Who broke no Promise, serv'd no private End;  
Who gain'd no Title, and who lost no Friend;  
Ennobled by himself, by All approv'd;  
Prais'd, wept and honour'd by the Muse he Lov'd.

P R E-



# PREFACE.



*HIS* fine PASTORAL was written originally in Greek, and has at several times been translated into most of our modern Languages, particularly into English and French; and is an Instance what great Improvements have been made both in the one and the other of those Tongues, since those Translations were severally made, tho' That of the French is Amyot's. It is natural for a Reader to enquire after the Author of a Book, wherewith he is instructed or diver-  
ted

## Preface to the Reader.

ted, but herein we cannot satisfy his Curiosity as to the Author of *Daphnis and Chloe*. All we know of him is, that his Name was Longus; but we have so little left us of him besides his Name (and there is not a general Agreement even in that Point) that we know nothing of his Family, Country, or the Age wherein he lived. It is most probable that he is posterior to Heliodorus Bishop of Tricca, who flourished in the Reigns of Theodosius the Great, and of his Sons Arcadius and Honorius, and is the Author of the *Æthiopica*, or *Amours of Theagenes and Chariclea*, which Piece seems to have given Birth to the *Loves of Daphnis and Chloe*. If the Manners of the former, as well as the Language, are most Chast and Delicate, it is certain the Images of the latter are more plain, simple, and natural, and the Painting more lively and expressive. The Passions are touched with so masterly, a Hand, and the Descriptions drawn so strong and significant, that it is  
in



## Preface to the Reader.

*in a manner impossible for the Reader to defend himself against the agreeable Delusion that is prepared for him. There is indeed one thing he ought to be advertised of beforehand, the better to prepare him for what he will meet with at his entrance into the following History. It was a Custom among the Ancients to expose their Infant Children, and that upon several imaginary Reasons or Pretensions; particularly if any thing disastrous was foretold of them by the Oracle, or if the Family was stocked with as many Children before, as the Father of it had Means to maintain. In either of these Cases, among many others, it was allowable for the Parent to divest himself of all natural Affection, and clandestinely expose the helpless Infant either on some barren Mountain, or unfrequented Forest, and sometimes to the Mercy of the more inexorable Element. Of this we meet with innumerable Instances in Antiquity, and are informed how many of those who were thus exposed*

## Preface to the Reader.

*sed have miraculously escaped, and been preserved; and by what means they came at length to be discovered and acknowledged by their Parents; as likewise how some of them have lived to verify the Predictions of the Oracle, notwithstanding the Precautions taken to elude it.*

*The Author of Daphnis and Chloe has prefixed to it the following Introduction, containing the Reasons that induced him to write it, which was intended to serve as a Preface to the Original, and is as follows viz.*

“ Being one Day a hunting in the  
“ Island of *Meteline*, in the Park sacred to the Nymphs, I there saw  
“ one of the most beautiful sights I  
“ had ever beheld; it was a Love Story expressed in a piece of Painting. The Park it self was a charming Spot, well planted with Trees  
“ and Flowers, which were constantly refreshed with Water from  
“ a neighbouring Fountain; but the  
“ Painting it self was the most exquisite Entertainment, not only  
“ from

## Preface to the Reader.

“ from the Novelty of the Subject  
“ which was very remarkable for  
“ the Adventures contained in it,  
“ but for the masterly Hand that  
“ had composed it: Insomuch that  
“ the Reputation of it drew many  
“ Passengers to it, who had heard  
“ of its Fame, and repaired thither  
“ as well to view the Piece, as to  
“ pay their Devotion to the Nymphs.  
“ In that Piece were expressed Wo-  
“ men big with Child, and in La-  
“ bour; Mothers wrapping their  
“ Infants in Swaddling Cloaths, and  
“ the Infants exposed in the same:  
“ Beasts who suckled those Infants,  
“ and Shepherds who took the In-  
“ fants from them; a parcel of  
“ young Men, who went coursing  
“ up and down the Country; Cor-  
“ sairs who ravaged the Sea Coasts;  
“ Enemies who infested the Bor-  
“ ders, and many other Adventures,  
“ which had in each of them some-  
“ thing of an amorous Cast. I ob-  
“ served them all with a wonder-  
“ ful Satisfaction, and found them  
“ all so beautiful, that I thought it  
“ worth



## Preface to the Reader.

“ worth my while to give an Explan-  
“ nation of them in Writing. For  
“ which Reason I made it my Busi-  
“ ness to find out an Interpreter;  
“ and having had the whole ex-  
“ plained fully to me, I have digest-  
“ ed it into a History contained in  
“ four Books, which I now Dedi-  
“ cate as An Offering to Love, to  
“ the Nymphs, and *Pan*, hoping  
“ that the same will prove delight-  
“ ful and entertaining to many sorts  
“ of People; and that it will serve  
“ to cure the Diseased, to comfort  
“ the Afflicted, to remind the Lover  
“ of his past Amours, and instruct  
“ Him who has not yet experienced  
“ what it is to be in Love. For  
“ there never yet was One who has  
“ not felt the Effects of that Passion  
“ first or last; nor will there be  
“ Any whilst there is Beauty in the  
“ World, and there are Eyes to see,  
“ and Hearts to feel it. May the Au-  
“ thor of This, Wish, that whilst he  
“ is describing it in others, he may  
“ not be possessed, with that Pain,  
“ Himself.

THE  
MUSEUM



T H E  
Pastoral Amours  
O F  
DAPHNIS *and* CHLOE.

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B O O K *the* F I R S T.

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**MITILENE** is a fortified City in the Island of *Metelene*, large and beautiful, surrounded with an Arm of the Sea, as by a Canal flowing round it, over which are built several stately Bridges of white polish'd Stone, insomuch that at first sight a Stranger considers it as an  
B Island

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Island of it self, rather than a City. About a League and a Quarter from this Place, one of the wealthiest Inhabitants of *Mitilene* was possessed of a very beautiful Inheritance, where great numbers of savage Beasts ranged on the Mountains, where the Hills were covered with Vineyards, and the Valleys abounded with Corn and Pasture, the whole stretching it self along the Sea Coast, which all together contributed to render it a most delicious Situation. Here a Goat-herd called *Lamon*, as he was one Day tending his Flock, found an Infant in the following Manner. At some distance from the Place where he usually kept his Flock a grazing, was a Thicket composed of Brambles, and Thorn-Bushes covered with Ivy. The Turf in the midst of this Thicket was fine and smooth, and there the Infant lay exposed. Hither one of his Goats constantly withdrew, insomuch that she was often thought to be lost, whilst forsaking



faking her own Kid, she went to suckle the more favourite Infant. *Lamon* being concerned for the Kid, deserted in this manner by its Dam, narrowly watched which way she usually went, and one Day at Noon followed her upon the Heels to the Thicket, which he saw her enter with so much Caution, as if she was afraid of hurting the Infant she was going to suckle. *Lamon* could not observe this extraordinary Proceeding without Surprise. He saw the Child take the Goat's Dug into its Mouth as readily as if it had been sucking its Nurse; approaching nearer, he perceived it to be a Male Child well grown, and beautiful to a Wonder; its Swaddling-Cloaths were far more costly than agreed with its present Fortune, which had thus miserably exposed and abandoned it. For it had on, over the rest, a rich Purple Mantle, fastened at the Collar with a Gold Buckle, and a little gilt Sword lay by it, having the Hilt of Ivory.

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*Lamon* at first doubted whether it were not best to content himself with carrying off those Things, and so leave the Child to take its Fortune : But when he had better considered of it, he thought it a shame for him to be outdone in Compassion and Humanity by a dumb Creature ; wherefore as soon as Night came on, he took up all, and carried the Child, the Cloaths, and Goat to his Wife, who was called *Myrtala*. The good Woman, surprized at the Adventure, asked him with much Astonishment, if such an Infant could possibly be the Issue of a Goat ? In answer to which, her Husband acquainted her with the whole Affair ; in what manner he had found the Infant, how he saw the Goat suckling it, and what a shame he thought it would be to suffer it to perish. His Wife was of the same Mind ; so that both of them concurring in the Opinion that it ought to be preserved, they lock'd up the  
Sword,

## DAPHNIS and CHLOE

Sword, and Mantle, and the other Tokens, as they might prove hereafter, of the Child's Birth and Quality, and in the mean time suffer'd the Goat to suckle it as before, acknowledging the Child publickly for their own, and calling it *Daphnis*, a Name suitable to its supposed Extraction.

ABOUT two Years after, a Shepherd called *Dryas*, living not far from *Lamon*, as he was tending his Flock, met with just such another Adventure. There was in that Neighbourhood a certain Cavern, called by the Country People *The Cave of the Nymphs*, being a very large Rock hollow within, but smooth and round on the Outside. Within it were several Images or Statues of the Nymphs cut in Stone, having their Feet bare, their Arms naked up to their Shoulders, their Hair loose, and Loins girt, with a chearful Visage, and in the Attitude of Dancers. The upper Part, or Roof of this Cave, was in the



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very middle of the Rock, at the bottom of which issued a purling Stream, which serv'd to water the beautiful verdant Meads around it. Before the Cave, where the fine tender Grass was nourish'd by the Moisture of the Fountain, there hung several Milk Pails, Flutes, Flageolets, and Pipes, left there by the ancient Shepherds, as Offerings to the Deities. In this Cavern of the Nymphs, an Ewe, having lately Lamb'd, did so often resort, that the Shepherd himself was in fear of losing her; for which reason intending to chastise her, and thereby oblige her to keep and feed with the rest of the Flock, with a Twig of Ozier he made a running Snarl, and crept towards the Cave, there to surprize the Fugitive: But when he got thither, he was himself surprized with a Spectacle he little expected; for there did he behold his Ewe giving Suck to a small Infant with the Care and Tenderness of a very Nurse.

The

The Infant, without crying, drew very greedily, sometimes one side of the Dug, sometimes the other with its little Mouth, which was beautiful, and clean as the Tongue of the Ewe cou'd make it, who, when it had done sucking, lick'd its Face all over. This Child was a Female, and had expos'd with it several things of Value, which might serve as Tokens to discover her hereafter. The Shepherd considering this Adventure as the immediate Designation of the Gods, and learning Pity and Compassion from a dumb Animal, took the Infant into his Arms, and putting the things with which it was expos'd into his Wallet, he address'd himself to the Nymphs, praying them to enable him happily to bring up that helpless Babe, who being thrown prostrate at their Feet, seem'd as it were to implore their Pity and Assistance. When Night drew on, and he had hous'd his Sheep, he return'd to his rural A-

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bode, where he recounted to his Wife what had befallen him, shew'd her what he had found, enjoin'd her to consider the Infant for the future as her own Child, and to look after it accordingly. From this instant the Shepherdess, who was called *Napæa*, became as fond of it as if she had been her very Mother, and attended it with so much Care and Tenderness, as if she was afraid she shou'd come short of the Ewe in Sweetness and Benignity; and to the end the Child might the more easily pass for hers, she gave Her likewise a Pastoral Name, and called her *Chloe*.

THESE two Infants, as they advanced in Years, grew in Stature, and made it appear from their Beauty, and manner of Carriage, that they had a nobler Blood in their Veins than that of Peasants.

By that time they were arrived one to the Age of Fifteen, and the other



DAPHNIS and CHLOE. 9

other of Thirteen Years, *Lamon* and *Dryas* had the same Night the very same Dream. They dreamt that the Nymphs, represented by the Statues placed in the Cave where *Dryas* found *Chloe*, deliver'd both *Daphnis* and *Chloe* into the Hands of a Youth gay and beautiful to a Miracle, having Wings upon his Shoulders, and a little Bow and Arrows in his Hands, and that the Youth touching them both with the same Dart, commanded *Daphnis* henceforth to tend the Goats, and *Chloe* the Sheep. The Shepherds, when they awaken'd, were much disappointed in their Hopes, when they perceiv'd their Foster-Children were, like themselves, doom'd to a Country Life, tho' the Tokens of Discovery which they had found with them had promised them a higher State, and more illustrious Fortune; in the prospect of which, they had hitherto educated them after a more delicate manner, than what is usual for the Children.

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dren of Shepherds, having taught them Letters, and given them the best Education the Country cou'd afford. However they thought it proper to obey the Gods in the Disposition of Those by the Providence of which Gods they had been saved: So that when they had communicated to each other their Dream, and sacrific'd in the Cave of the Nymphs to the Youth with Wings on his Shoulders (for they cou'd not call him by his Name) they sent them both to tend the Flocks in the Fields, instructing them in every thing requisite to the Condition of a Shepherd. They taught them how they were to lead their Flocks to Graze in the Morning, and how when the Heat of the Day was over they were to House them; when they were to make use of the Crook, and when of the Voice only. Both *Daphnis* and *Chloe* receiv'd this Charge with as much Chearfulness as if they had been promoted to some considerable

DAPHNIS *and* CHLOE. II

ble Lordship, and loved their Goats and Sheep with more than a Shepherd's Affection : She, because she learn'd as by Instinct that she ow'd her Life to a Ewe that suckled her ; and He, for that a Goat had given him Nourishment.

IT was in the beginning of the Spring, when all the Flowers are in their Vigor, Those of the Woods, Those in the Valleys, and Those on the Mountains : the Bees began to Hum, the Birds to chant, and the Lambs to frisk. The Lambs bounded o'er the Mountains, the Bees murmured through the Valleys, and the Birds made the Coverts Eccho to their Musick. In like manner this young and charming Couple observing that every thing assumed a Gaiety agreeable to the Season, felt within themselves the same Sympathy. The Birds sang, so did they ; the Lambs danced, so did *Daphnis* and *Chloe* : And, like the Bees, they went gathering Flowers, some of which they lodged in  
their



their Bosoms, and with the rest they made little Chaplets, which they offer'd to the Nymphs in the Cavern; all this they did together, whilst their Flocks were grazing near each other. How often did *Daphnis* drive back such of the Sheep as had wander'd too far from the rest of the Flock? And How often did *Chloe* cause the Goats to quit the craggy Rocks, to the Tops of which they had too hardily clamber'd? Sometimes one of them tended both Flocks, whilst the other was a Playing. Their Plays were such as suited with their Age and Condition. For whilst she on the one hand was busied in gathering Rushes, of which she made Baskets for Grasshoppers, and left her Flock in the mean time to take care of themselves during her Absence; *Daphnis*, on the other, employ'd himself in gathering Reed, the Joints of which he cut off, and then fastning them together with soft Wax, he made a sort of Pipe,  
on

DAPHNIS and CHLOE. 13

on which he wou'd sometimes Play till the Evening; sometimes they presented each other with Milk, or Wine, and joining their Commons fed together upon what they had brought from their respective Dwellings. In short, one might as soon expect to see the Sheep or Goats dispersed, as find *Daphnis* and *Chloe* asunder.

WHILST they were thus busied in these innocent Amusements, Love laid the following Trap for them. A she Wolf that had lately litter'd in the Neighbourhood, made very free with the Flocks that grazed nearest, and carried off several of their Lambs and Kids to feed her Young ones; whereupon the Villagers in the Night time dug several Pits about Four Fathom deep, and as many over, covering them with long slender Twigs, over which they placed some of the Earth, in such a manner as to make it appear sure Ground. It was so evenly laid, and withal so fallaci-

C

ous

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ous, that not so much as a Hare  
 cou'd pass without dropping in. Of  
 these they had prepared several,  
 both upon the Mountains, and in  
 the Plains, which prov'd the Death  
 of many of their Goats and Sheep:  
 But the Wolf perceiv'd the Cheat,  
 and was too cunning for them. It  
 happen'd at this time that two He  
 Goats, belonging to *Daphnis's*  
 Herd, fell out, and one of them  
 had his Horn broken in the quarrel,  
 which put him to so much Pain,  
 that he ran bellowing away as fast  
 as he was able, and was pursu'd  
 with equal speed by the Conquer-  
 or. *Daphnis* being much moved  
 to see one of his Goats maim'd in  
 that manner, and the other so un-  
 reasonable, as not to be contented  
 with the Advantage he had over  
 him, with his Crook in one hand,  
 and his Staff in t'other, ran as fast  
 as he cou'd drive after him. So  
 that whilst the Goat fled with all  
 his might to avoid the Blows with  
 which he was threatned, and *Daph-*  
 nis







*nis* follow'd close at his Heels to give him due Correction, neither the one or the other look'd before them, but fell both into one of those Pitfalls we have been describing: the Goat first and *Daphnis* the Moment after, which broke his Fall, and saved his Life. However, finding himself in the Trap, he had nothing to do but to cry out as loud as he cou'd, and call somebody to his Assistance. *Chloe* having observ'd at a distance the Accident that had befallen him, ran immediately to him; and when she found he was alive, she instantly called a Cowherd, that was hard by, to come and help her to pull him out. The Cowherd went for a Rope, but finding none long enough for the purpose, *Chloe* made use of the Twist, with which the Tresses of her Hair was tied, and throwing one End down to *Daphnis*, with much ado they got him out. *Daphnis* made the Cowherd a Present of the Goat that had lost his



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Horn, in acknowledgment of his Service; after which they took their leaves of him, and returned towards their Flocks. The first thing *Chloe* had to do, was to make *Daphnis* sit down upon the Stump of a Tree, and examine if he receiv'd no harm in his Fall; when nothing of that appeared, they both agreed to bath, and cleanse themselves of the Filth the late Adventure had occasion'd to their Bodies, their Hair, and Garments. Accordingly they went both together to the Nymph's Grotto, where they bathed themselves in the Presence of the Deities that dwelt therein. *Daphnis* wash'd first, whilst *Chloe* held his Cloaths and Scrip; and she in her turn committed her Robe to the Custody of *Daphnis*. It was at this Instant that they discover'd in each other such piercing Beauties, that *Daphnis* cou'd not forbear kissing *Chloe*, much less cou'd *Chloe* withhold her self from kissing *Daphnis*. What did not those  
young



young unexperienc'd Lovers see!  
 with what tender Raptures did they  
 not mutually glow! It was in that  
 moment they began in earnest to  
 feel a reciprocal Passion for each  
 other. The uneasie *Daphnis* ne-  
 ver reflected on the Wonders he  
 had beheld, without sighing and  
 languishing after he knew not what:  
 whilst *Chloe* kept continually in  
 her Thoughts the Charms she had  
 discover'd in *Daphnis*. *Daphnis*  
 often reason'd with himself in this  
 manner; Ye Gods what is come  
 to me since I kiss'd *Chloe*? Her  
 Lips are softer then Roses, her  
 Mouth and Breath sweeter than the  
 Honey-comb; and at the same time  
 her Kiss is more poignant than the  
 Sting of the Bee. I have often kis-  
 sed young Kids just falling from  
 their Dams, and the little Calf with  
 which *Dorcon* presented me, but  
 this is quite another thing. My  
 Pulse beats, my Heart pants, my  
 Soul languisheth, and yet I am im-  
 patient to kiss her again. O fatal

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Victory! O strange Distemper of which I know not the Name. Sure she had arm'd her Lips with Poison before she kiss'd me: Impossible, for then I must have dyed. The Birds Sing, my Flute is silent; the Kids Dance, I am motionless; the Flowers are in their Bloom, and yet I prepared neither Nofegays nor Garlands; the Violet and Lillicon Valley flourish, *Daphnis* withers; at this rate *Dorcon* will in time be more beautiful than *Daphnis*. In this manner did the Passionate *Daphnis* utter his Complaints, when Love first began to take Possession of his Heart. In the mean time the Cowherd *Dorcon*, who was in Love with *Chloe*, found an opportunity, as *Dryas* was setting a Tree near his Habitation, of making him a Present of some rich Cheese; and at the same time, having first remind-ed him of their old Acquaintance, and the Friendship they had continued between them ever since *Dorcon* himself tended the Cattle in the  
Fields,

Fields, he came roundly to the Point, and desired *Dryas* to accept of him for a Son-in-law, and the better to support his Pretensions, propos'd such Terms, as were thought extraordinary for one in his Condition: For he offer'd him a Yoke of Oxen, Four Hives of Bees, Fifty Apple-Trees, an Ox Hide for Shoe Leather, and every Year a Calf fit to be wean'd. Those Offers appear'd so inviting, that *Dryas* his Mouth water'd at them, and he was at first for giving his Consent, without any more ado; but when he consider'd that *Chloe* was worthy of a more advantageous Match, and that if in Time she might come to be known to her Parents, they would owe him no Thanks for having marry'd their Daughter to such a Bumpkin: Upon these Considerations he reject'd the Proposal in plain Terms, and desired *Dorcon* to excuse him. *Dorcon* perceiving that he had lost his Hopes, and his



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Cheese into the Bargain, resolv'd upon the last Expedient, and that was, by Force to enjoy *Chloe*, the very first time he found her alone. He found out that *Daphnis* and *Chloe* took it by Turns to water their Flocks, one taking the Care of it one Day, and the other the next; and, upon that Discovery, bethought himself of a Stratagem, very agreeable to one of his Inclinations and Capacity. He took the Skin of a Wolf, which had been kill'd by one of his Bulls in Defence of the Cows, and fitted it so exactly to his own Carcass, that he might be said to be armed in it *cap-a-pe*. Having thus metamorphos'd himself, he repaired towards the Spring where the Goats and Sheep constantly water'd after feeding. This Spring lay in a Bottom over-run with Bushes, Briars, and such like Covering, as might serve to harbour a very Wolf. Here *Dorcon* lodg'd himself, hoping, when *Chloe* came to water the Flocks,

Flocks, she would be so terrified at the Appearance of this counterfeit Wolf, that, during the Fright, he might have his wicked Will of her, without any Opposition, and she never the wiser: Whilst he was flattering himself with this imaginary Success, *Chloe* came with the Flock, having left *Daphnis* behind, who in the mean Time was busy a gathering the Tops of green Boughs for his Goats to browse upon after they had been a watering. The Dogs that helped them to tend their Flocks, follow'd them to the Water; they were of the hunting Breed, and having good Noses, they soon smelt out *Dorcon*, and taking him for a very Wolf, they ran with a full Cry upon him, attack'd him on every side, and began to worry him. All this while he was both afraid, and asham'd to be discover'd; besides, he was entangled in the Skin, and so fast as squat in the Covert, without uttering a Syllable; but when *Chloe*, upon the first

first Sight of him, ran in a Fright to call *Daphnis* to her Assistance, and the Dogs had torn the Skin from off his Shoulders, and were biting him in good Earnest, then he thought it high Time to throw off his Disguise, and bawl'd out as loud as he was able. *Daphnis* had by this time join'd *Chloe*, and when they perceived the Danger *Dorcon* was in, they whistled to the Dogs, who knew the Signal, and quitted their Game: They found poor *Dorcon* in a lamentable Condition, for the Dogs had gnaw'd him both in the Thighs and Shoulders; They led him to the Spring, where they wash'd his Wounds, and chewing the green Rind of an Elm, they laid it upon them. They were such Novices, and so ignorant of the hardy Stratagems of Love, that they looked upon this Disguise of *Dorcon* with his Wolf's Skin to have been contrived only in Sport; so that instead of being offended at him, they comforted him up, and



conducted him part of his Way Home ; whither the bold Adventurer, who had smarted sufficiently for his Folly, and had with much Difficulty been saved, not out of the Mouth of the Wolf, but the Jaws of the Dogs, made what haste he could, to get cur'd of his Wounds. that smarted all over him.

As for *Daphis* and *Chloe*, they had much ado between that and Night to get their Flocks together ; for what with the Sight of the Wolf, and the Baying of the Dogs, they were one and all so terrified, that some of them got up to the Top of the Rocks, and others ran full Speed to the Sea, insomuch, that tho' they had been taught to be very obedient to the Call of their Keepers, to marshal themselves at the Sound of the Pipe, and to unite in a Body at only the Clap of the Hands ; yet now Fear had so much the Mastery of them, as to make them forgetful of all Discipline, so that the two Lo-  
vers

vers were forced to follow them upon the Tract, as they do Hares, before they could reduce them into Order, and get them housed, which, when they had performed with much Difficulty, they themselves went to Repose, and slept at least for that Night very soundly: For the Labours of the preceeding Day served for the present as a Remedy against the Anxieties of Love, but as soon as they awaked next Morning, the same Desires returned with all the Cares attending them; their Hearts leap'd for Joy at the Sight of each other, and they were sure to grieve at Parting: They sighed and wished, but knew not for what they sighed, nor what it was they desired. This only they both knew, *Daphnis* that he had been poisoned by a Kiss, and *Chloe* that the Bath had bewitched her. Besides, the Season of the Year conspired with Love to inflame them; for now the Summer Quarter was beginning; every Thing in Nature

DAPHNIS *and* CHLOE. 25

Nature was in its Vigour; the Trees loaden with Fruit, the Fields cover'd with Corn, and the Birds filled the Woods with Melody; the ripening Fruits cast an odoriferous Flavour all round them; the Fountains, Streams and Rivers invited the Swains to bath; the Winds gliding through the Branches of the lofty Pines were even and gentle, as the Breath that inspires the Flute or Organ; the mature Apples fell of themselves on the Earth's open Bosom, and the wanton Sun seem'd pleas'd with naked Beauties, and therefore shone with so intense a Heat, as made them quit their Garments. Among the rest, *Daphnis*, inflam'd all over, threw himself into the River; sometimes he wash'd; sometimes in wanton Sport he dived in Pursuit of the trembling Fish, that scudded from him. He often drunk, to try if cooling Waters were able to allay the scorching Fever of his Heart. *Chloe*, on the other Hand, form'd

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26 DAPHNIS and CHLOE.

a Garland, compos'd of the tenderest Sprigs of Pine: This she put on her Head, and girding her Loins with a Deer's Skin, she prepared two Cups, one of Wine, and the other of Milk, for herself and *Daphnis*. Whilst the Beams of the Sun approaching his Meridian, cast a more intense Heat, the two Lovers were seized with a Passion that raged with more Violence than they had been sensible of before: *Chloe* beheld in *Daphnis*, who stood naked to her View, a thousand Charms, that made her melt in Desire towards a Person of a Beauty, so accomplish'd, that the Eye of Envy could not find a Blemish: On the other Hand, *Daphnis* surveying *Chloe* clad as she was in the Deer's Skin, with the Garland of Pine on her Head, and holding forth to him the Cup of Milk, imagin'd her to be one of the very Nymphs worshiped in the Cave: He ran earnestly to her; took the Garland from off her Head, and placed

placed it on his own: And she, in Return, whilst he was bathing, took his Robe, kiss'd it, and cloath'd herself in it. Sometimes, in Sport, they threw Apples at each other; sometimes they comb'd each other's Hair, and parted the Curls; *Chloe* comparing *Daphnis's* Locks to the Seed of Mulberries, because it was black; and *Daphnis* comparing her Cheeks to beautiful Apples, because they were white and red. Sometimes he would be teaching her to play upon the Flute; and the Moment she began to blow, he would take it out of her Hands to touch with his Lips and Tongue there where she had touch'd with hers, pretending she was wrong, that he might thereby have an Opportunity of kissing her, as it were by kissing the Flute that had been between her cherry Lips. Thus were they toying in the Heat of the Day, whilst the Flocks reposed themselves under the Shade, when *Chloe* insensibly fell asleep, which

28 DAPHNIS and CHLOE.

was no sooner perceiv'd by *Daphnis*, but he immediately drop'd his Flute, that he might have a full View of her, and contemplate her all over, which he did without any Sense of Shame, or Breach of Modesty. Whilst his Eyes was feasting themselves with this beautiful Object, he, as it were, whisper'd to himself the following Expressions: "How are those charming  
 " Eyes link'd in the soft Bands of  
 " Sleep! How sweet is her Breath!  
 " the blooming Hawthorn smells  
 " not half so sweet: But yet I dare  
 " not kiss her, for her Kisses pierce  
 " to the very Heart, and make Folks  
 " mad sooner than doth new Honey  
 " just parted from the Comb; besides a Kiss would waken her. O-  
 " what a Noise do these \* *Grasshoppers* make! their shrill Notes will  
 " hinder her from sleeping; And  
 " then those Goats make such an e-

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\* The Cicada of the Ancients, which we translate Grasshoppers, is a Species unknown to us in England, a flying Insect, and a sort of Songster.

" ternal







" ternal Clattering with their Horns!  
 " I wish the Wolf was here, he'd  
 " teach them to be quiet. Whilst  
*Daphnis* was thus expostulating, a  
 Grasshopper, pursued by a Swallow,  
 flew for Refuge into *Chloe's* Bosom,  
 where the Swallow durst not take  
 her, tho' she pursued her so eagerly,  
 that before she could stop herself,  
 one of her Wings had glanced upon  
*Chloe's* Cheek, which made her  
 start out of her Sleep, and scream  
 aloud; but when she saw the Swal-  
 low hovering over her, and *Daph-*  
*nis* laughing at her surprise, she  
 took Heart, and rubb'd her Eye-  
 Lids, that were still heavy, and in-  
 clin'd to Sleep. In that very In-  
 stant the Grasshopper began to sing  
 between her snowy Breasts, as it  
 were to return her Thanks for the  
 Sanctuary she had found there. All  
 this while *Chloe*, being a Stranger  
 to what had pass'd, began to scream  
 again, and *Daphnis* to laugh, and  
 laying hold on so fair a Pretence,  
 he thrust his Hand low into her  
 Bosom



30 DAPHNIS and CHLOE.

Bosom, to take out from thence the grateful Insect, that could not forbear singing, tho' he held her in his Hand. *Chloe* was pleas'd at the Sight, and having kissed the little Choirister, plac'd her again in her Bosom. Another Time, hearing the Notes of a Ring-dove in the Neighbouring Wood, with which *Chloe* was pleas'd, she asked *Daphnis* if he knew what it was the Bird utter'd; whereupon *Daphnis* acquainted her with the vulgar Tradition. *My Love*, said he, in former Times a Damsel young and beautiful, like *Chloe*, tended the Kine and sung so sweetly, that the Cows took a Delight in hearing her, insomuch that she govern'd them with her Voice alone, without the Discipline of the Crook or Goad, while seated at the Foot of some lofty Pine, with a Crown on her Head compos'd of the Leaves of the Same, she sang a Song to the Praise of Pan, with which the Herd were so pleas'd that they still

DAPHNIS and CHLOE. 31

still took Care to keep within the Sound of her harmonious Voice. Now there happen'd to be near at hand a Youth tending a Herd of Oxen; he was young and handsome, and moreover, sung exceeding finely; so that one Day, that she might know he cou'd sing as well as her, he open'd his Pipes, and sung so sweetly, so melodiously, that he intic'd over to him Eight of the most beautiful Cows she had in the whole Herd, and join'd them to his own. The poor Damsel was so concern'd, when she saw her Herd diminish'd, and that upon the Score of being vanquish'd in the Art wherein she thought she excell'd, that she besought the Gods to transform her into a Bird, rather than suffer her to return with so much Disgrace to her Habitation. The Gods granted her Petition, and transform'd her into a Mountain-Bird, that loves to sing as before; and in the Notes you just now heard, she seem'd to complain

32 DAPHNIS and CHLOE.

*plain of her Mischance, and to signify that she was in quest of her Cows that had forsaken her.*

THESE were the Pleasures the Summer afforded; but when Autumn approach'd, and the Vintage was began, some *Corfairs* of *Tyre*, on board a *Carian* Foist, came to an Anchor near, and landing, seized by force on every thing of Value that came in their way, carrying off good store of Wine, Corn, Honey, and even some Cows and Beefs out of *Dorcon's* Herd. Now as they were roving up and down the Country, they unhappily met with *Daphnis* sauntering on the Shore; for *Chloe*, like a simple Girl, being apprehensive of Violence from some of the other Shepherds, did not come abroad so soon that Morning, nor drive her Flock into the Fields so early as usual. The *Corfairs* beholding *Daphnis* to be a Person beautiful and well formed, and judging him to be of more value than all the rest of their Booty, were



were highly pleased with their Prize, and without searching for more Plunder, they forced him aboard helpless as he was, by crying out with all his might and main upon *Chloe*. Now they were hardly got into their Foist, and began to handle their Oars, before *Chloe* appear'd following her Flock with a new Pipe in her Hand, which she was carrying to *Daphnis*. So soon as she perceiv'd the Goats frightned and disperfed, and heard him calling louder still and louder upon her, she immediately quitted her Flock, threw away her Flute and ran with full speed to *Dorcon* to implore his Assistance; but she found the unhappy Swain stretch'd in full length upon the Ground, bruis'd all over with the Blows he had receiv'd, weltring in his Blood, and ready to expire. However, he no sooner beheld *Chloe*, but the remembrance of his Love gave him new Spirits, so that raising himself a little, he found he had just Strength enough to say,

“ My

34 DAPHNIS and CHLOE.

“ My dearest *Chloe*, I am this in-  
 “ stant giving up the Ghost, for  
 “ these Rascally Rogues the *Cor-*  
 “ *sairs* have slaughter’d me as a  
 “ Butcher wou’d an Oxe: and yet  
 “ if thou wilt thou may’st recover  
 “ *Daphnis*, revenge my Death, and  
 “ make those Villains dye like Dogs  
 “ as they are. I have used my  
 “ Cows to follow the Sound of my  
 “ Pipe and to come at its Call, tho’  
 “ never so distant. Here take it,  
 “ hie thee with it to the Sea side,  
 “ and play me the Tune I taught  
 “ *Daphnis* so long since, and thou  
 “ learn’dst from *Daphnis*; do this,  
 “ and I will be answerable for the  
 “ Event. I bequeath to thee my  
 “ Pipe, with which I have gained  
 “ so many Prizes, and in return  
 “ desire no more than a parting  
 “ Kiss, and that when I am Dead  
 “ thou wilt mourn for me, and re-  
 “ member me when ever thou seest  
 “ a Cowherd tending his Cattle.  
*Dorcon* had no sooner pronounced  
 these Words but he expired; and  
*Chloe*,

*Chloe*, so soon as she had got the Pipe in her Hand, apply'd it to her Mouth, and made it sound as loud as she was able. The Cows immediately upon hearing it, knowing the Call, and the Notes of the Air, jump'd over-board at once, and thereby gave the Vessel such a shock that they over-set her, so that all within her were plunged into the Sea, but with different hopes of Safety; for the *Corfsairs* were loaden with heavy Armour, whereas *Daphnis* was without Shoes or Stockings, and had nothing about him but a thin Garment, it being in the Summer Season, and very hot Weather. So that the *Corfsairs* having kept their Heads above Water as long as they were able, at last fell plum down, and perish'd, whilst *Daphnis*, having easily strip'd himself of the little he had on, swam at first, but soon grew weary, having been accustomed to swim only in Rivers: However, he made a Virtue of Necessity, for he got  
between



between two of the Cows, who were swimming a-breast, and laying hold of their Horns, he was waisted at his ease, as if he had been in a Coach. For a Beef swims much better than any Man can do; nor can any other Brute endure the Water longer, except such as are bred in the Water. Nor was it ever known that an Ox or Cow was drown'd, unless they unfortunately struck upon something under Water whilst they were swimming; hence it is that several Friths are to this Day called *Bosphori*, that is, a Beef's Passage. By these means *Daphnis* escaped two imminent Dangers, of Captivity, and Death. He was no sooner got ashore, but he found *Chloe* upon the Strand in a mixture of Joy and Sorrow. He immediately cast himself into her Arms, and ask'd her what it was had induced her to play in that manner upon the Pipe. *Chloe* told him every Particular, how upon the first Notice of his Danger she fled to *Dor-*  
*con;*

con; how he had taught his Cows to follow the sound of his Flute, how he had advised her to Play, and in what manner he dyed; she only forbore, out of Modesty, to tell *Daphnis* she had given a Kiss to *Dorcon*. For these Reasons they resolved to do an Honour to the Memory of one who had been so eminently their Benefactor, and accompanied the Friends and Relations of the unhappy *Dorcon*, when they attended his Corps to the Grave, round which they planted several Trees, hanging upon them something that related to their several Occupations. They sprinkled the Grave likewise with Milk, strew'd it with Grapes, and broke their Pipes upon it. The Cows in the mean time bellow'd piteously, roving up and down like stray Cattle, signifying, as the rest of the Swains understood it, that in that manner they mourn'd the Death of their Master. So soon as *Dorcon* was buried, *Chloe* conducted

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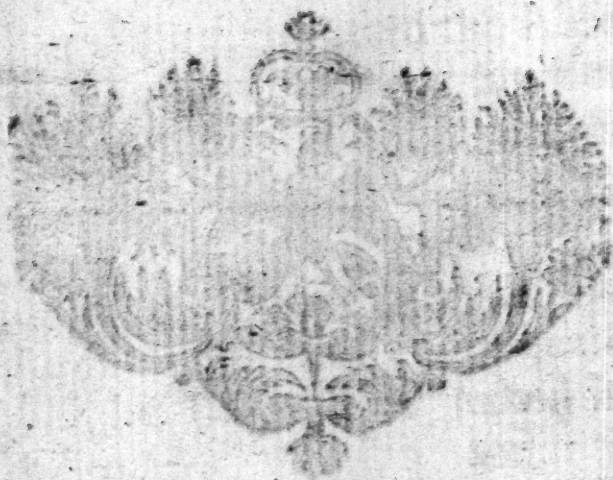
ducted *Daphnis* to the Cave of the Nymphs, where she cleaned him, washing his beautiful Body, of it self white and smooth as Alabaster. Then plucking such Flowers as the Season afforded, they made Garlands for the Statues of the Nymphs, and hung *Dorcon's* Pipe upon the Rock, as an Offering to the Deities. When they had performed that Ceremony, they returned to their Flocks, which lay squat upon the Ground without feeding or bleating, as if they regretted the Absence of *Daphnis* and *Chloe*: So soon as they appeared, and began to whistle as usual, and touch the Flageolet, they instantly arose, and fell to eating. In the mean time *Daphnis* was out of all sorts, ever since he beheld his *Chloe* stark naked in all her Beauties unveil'd about her. He languish'd inwardly, just as if he had been poison'd; sometimes his Pulse beat strong and quick, like one upon a Chace, and sometimes slow and weak, as if the *Corfairs* had



had robbed him of all his Courage; whilst the Fountain, in which he beheld *Chloe* a bathing, appear'd to him more dismally terrible than the Sea it self; so that it seemed as if his Soul was still remaining in the Hands of the Robbers, simple as he was, and never dreaming that of all things Love is the greatest Robber in Nature.



of the things I love is the greatest  
Robert in London.



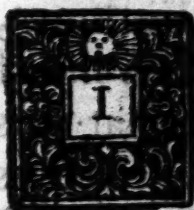


THE  
Pastoral Amours  
OF  
DAPHNIS *and* CHLOE.

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BOOK *the* SECOND.

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T. being now in the height of Autumn, and the time of Vintage being come, all the Villagers prepared themselves, each for his destin'd Office. Some mended the Presses, others scraped and cleans'd the Fatts; some prepared the Skuttles and Baskets, whilst others were grinding their



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Bills and Vine Knives; some got the Millstone ready to stamp the Grapes upon, whilst others provided themselves with dry Ozier Twiggs bruised and peel'd, of which they were to make Links to light them in the Night, whilst they drew their Wine off the Lees, and tunn'd it. *Daphnis* and *Chloe*, among the rest, laying aside for some Days the care of their Flocks, assisted each other in the common Operations proper to the Season. *Daphnis* his business was to carry the Vintage in his Skuttles, and press it into the Tub, from whence he drew off the Juice and tunn'd it; whilst *Chloe* got Dinner ready for the Workmen, and prepared for them old Wine of the former Vintage; when that was done, she her self work'd as well as the rest, and gather'd the lowest Branches that were within her reach. For the Vines of *Meteline* are planted low; at least if they are raised upon Trees, they are such as are not very high; insomuch that  
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the Branches hang down to the Ground, where they creep up and down like Ivy; so that a sucking Child (as one may say) might gather the Grapes. It was Customary upon this Festival dedicated to *Bacchus*, to summon many Women out of the neighbouring Villages to come and labour in the Vineyard, and assist at the Birth, as they called it, of the Wine. Several of these Women cast their longing Eyes upon *Daphnis*, saying, he was as beautiful as *Bacchus* himself; nay one of them, more forward than the rest, had the Confidence to kiss him. *Daphnis* cou'd not forbear colouring at it, but *Chloe* was nettled to the quick. On the other hand, the Men, who were pressing the Wine, had their Sayings of *Chloe*; they danc'd about her as the Satyrs skip round *Bacchus*; declaring they wou'd be content to be Sheep, cou'd they have so beautiful a Shepherdess as *Chloe*. This did not a little please her Vanity, tho' it was the

the Cause of great Uneasiness to *Daphnis*; so that both the one and the other longed till the Vintage was over, that they might return into the Fields as usual, and instead of the Vintager's Catches, regale their Ears with the Melody of the Flute, or the Bleating of their Flocks. It was not long before they had their Wish, for the Vintage being over, they return'd to their old Occupation, and with great Joy went in the first Place to worship the Nymphs, carrying with them the first Fruits of the Vintage, consisting of Bunches of Grapes hanging on their Branches. Indeed they never had been wanting in paying their Respects there; for in the Morning, so soon as their Flocks began to browse, thither they went to pay their Devotion; and in the Evening, before they returned home, thither they repaired to adore them: nor did they ever go empty handed; sometimes they made their Offerings in Fruit,

at other Times in Flowers. Sometimes they presented them with green Boughs, at others with Milk, or Whey; for which those Goddesses did in the Event most bountifully reward them. In the mean Time, they spent their Hours in wanton Toyings, like frisking Greyhounds: They sung, they danced, they play'd on the Pipe; and sometimes they wou'd butt against each other, like a Pair of their Rams, or Goats. Whilst they were one Day employ'd in this Manner, an ancient Man clad in a Goat-Skin, with Wooden Shoes on his Feet, and an old Wallet hanging from his Shoulders, approach'd, and setting himself down close by them, he began in this Manner; "My Children, said he, I am the aged *Philetas*, who heretofore sung many a Song in Honour of these Nymphs, and tuned the Flute in Praise of *Pan*: I, with Ease, cou'd govern a numerous Flock, with my Musick only; and am now come hither,



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“ ther, to declare to you what I have  
 “ seen, and recount what I have  
 “ heard. I have a handsome Orchard,  
 “ which I my self planted, and have  
 “ dressed and tilled with my own  
 “ Hands, ever since my Age obliged  
 “ me to live retired, and forbear  
 “ tending my Flock in the Fields.  
 “ In this Orchard have I every Thing  
 “ to be desired, in every Season:  
 “ In the Springs it abounds with Ro-  
 “ ses, Violets and Lillies; In the  
 “ Summer, with Poppies, Pears and  
 “ Apples; and now, in Autumn, I  
 “ have great Store of Grapes, Figgs,  
 “ Pomegranates and Mulberries;  
 “ and am never without great  
 “ Flights of Birds of all Sorts; some  
 “ of which come to feed, and others  
 “ to sing; for there is good Cover,  
 “ by reason the Trees, which are  
 “ constantly water’d by three beau-  
 “ tiful Fountains, spread their  
 “ Branches so wide, and stand so  
 “ thick, that if it was not for the  
 “ Inclosure, the Whole would look  
 “ like a Wood. Not long since, a  
 “ bout







" bout Noon, I discover'd a Youth  
 " upon my Mulberry and Pomegra-  
 " nate Trees, with his Hands full of  
 " Pomegranates and Mulberries.  
 " He was white as Milk, and at the  
 " same Time as ruddy as the Fire;  
 " as smooth and trim, as if just come  
 " out of a Bath; naked, and alone.  
 " He seem'd to make as bold with  
 " my Fruit, as if the Orchard had  
 " been his own; and when I ran to-  
 " wards him, for fear lest he should  
 " break the Boughs of my Trees,  
 " (for he wou'd be still frisking from  
 " one Bough to another) whip he  
 " was gone, sometimes gliding un-  
 " der the Rose-Bushes, at others he  
 " wou'd hide himself like a Par-  
 " tridge under the Poppies. I have  
 " formerly been hard put to it to  
 " follow the Kids, and thought it no  
 " easy Matter to out-run my suck-  
 " ing Calves; but alas I soon found  
 " this quite another Sort of Chace,  
 " and that it was impossible to lay  
 " hold of him: Wherefore, being  
 " quite out of Heart, old and decri-  
 " pid as I am, I lean'd my self upon  
 " my

“ my Staff, and endeavouring to  
 “ prevent his Escape, I ask’d him  
 “ to whom of my Neighbours he  
 “ belong’d, and how he came to  
 “ trespass thus in another Man’s  
 “ Garden. Without answering me,  
 “ a Word, he came up towards me,  
 “ and threw some of my Fruit at  
 “ me, with such a delicious Smile,  
 “ which, I know not how, so soft-  
 “ ten’d my Heart, that I cou’d not  
 “ for my Life be angry at him, but  
 “ desir’d him to come to me, and  
 “ swore solemnly that he shou’d  
 “ have Leave to depart when he  
 “ wou’d, with as much Fruit as he  
 “ cou’d bear away, and that he  
 “ shou’d gather as many Flowers as  
 “ he pleas’d, provided he wou’d let  
 “ me have but one Kiss: Upon this  
 “ he laugh’d out with such a be-  
 “ witching Grace, and open’d a Pipe  
 “ so soft and charming, that the  
 “ Swallow, the Nightingale and  
 “ Swan, tho’ as old as myself, are  
 “ Nothing in Comparifon to him. *As*  
*for me, Philetas, said he, I shou’d make*  
*no Difficulty to kiss thee, for I am*  
*more*

more fond of being kiss'd, than  
 thou art of being restor'd to thy  
 Youth: But have a Care, for that  
 which thou desirest will be very  
 improper for thy Age; for thou  
 wilt no sooner have kiss'd me, but  
 in spite of thy Tears thou wilt im-  
 patiently desire to follow me; tho'  
 neither the Eagle, nor Falcon, nor  
 any other Bird of Prey whatever,  
 have Wings strong and fleet enough  
 to keep up with me. I am no Child,  
 tho' I appear as such, but am more  
 ancient than old Saturn, older than  
 Time itself. I remember thee when  
 thou wer't in thy Prime, and did'st  
 tend thy numerous Herds here in  
 the neighbouring Marshes. I was  
 by thee when thou did'st tune thy  
 Flute under the spreading Beech,  
 to the Praise of thy beloved Ama-  
 rillis. It is true, thou did'st not  
 see me, tho' I was constantly ply-  
 ing the Nymph in thy Favour, and  
 at length gave her to thee; she  
 bore thee two jolly Boys, who are  
 now a Couple of industrious Hus-  
 band-



*band-Men. At present I preside over Daphnis and Chloe, and as soon as I have brought them together in the Morning, I retire hither, where I refresh myself among the Trees and Flowers which thou hast planted, and bath in thy Fountains; for which Reason all thy Plants flourish, being fed and nourish'd by the Waters wherein I have been washing myself. See if thou can'st find one Bough of all thy Trees broken, any of thy Fruit plunder'd, or so much as a Flower trampled upon, or the Waters of thy Fountains puddled; and think thyself happy, in that thou, of all Men at thy Age, art in my Favour.*

“ He had no sooner done, but up  
 “ he bounced into a Tree, like a very  
 “ Nightingale, and hopping from  
 “ Bough to Bough, flew up to the  
 “ very Top. With these Eyes I be-  
 “ held his little Wings, his Bow and  
 “ Quiver, 'till at length, quite am-  
 “ maz'd, I lost Sight of him. Now, my  
 “ Children, if any Credit may be gi-

“ ven

“ ven to these Silver Hairs, if Age has  
 “ not robb’d me of my Reason and  
 “ Judgment, I can assure you, you  
 “ are both devoted to Love, and  
 “ Love has taken you into his Pro-  
 “ tection.” *Daphnis* and *Chloe* were  
 as much taken with this Relati-  
 on, as if he had been telling them  
 some pleasant Fable. They ask’d  
 him what Love was; was it a Boy  
 or Bird, and wherein consisted his  
 Power? Upon this *Philetas* told  
 them, “ Love is a God, young,  
 “ beautiful, and provided with  
 “ Wings; as such, he delights in the  
 “ Company of the young and beau-  
 “ tiful, and has an immediate in-  
 “ fluence upon the Heart. His  
 “ Authority is so absolute, that *Ju-*  
 “ *piter* himself has not a greater;  
 “ he presides over the Elements,  
 “ the Stars, and even the Gods  
 “ themselves. You have not that  
 “ Command over your Flocks, as  
 “ he has over the whole Universe;  
 “ all Flowers are the Work of  
 “ Love, every Plant and Tree are  
 “ of his Production. He makes the

Rivers to glide, and the Winds to  
 blow. I have often observ'd the  
 amorous Bulls to bellow through  
 Love, louder than when they are  
 stung by the Gad-Bee; and the  
 Goat to kiss his Mistress, and fol-  
 low her wherever she pleas'd to  
 lead him. I my self was young,  
 and in love with *Amarillis*; du-  
 ring which I forgot to eat, drink,  
 or sleep; I was continually pen-  
 sive and melancholy; my Heart  
 throbb'd, and I was like one in  
 a Trance; I spoke no more than  
 if I had been dumb or dead; I  
 threw myself into the Rivers, to  
 assuage the burning Heat; and  
 call'd the God *Pan* to my Aid,  
 who had himself experienc'd the  
 same Torments: I return'd my  
 Thanks to the Nymph *Echo*, who  
 repeated after me the Name of  
 my beloved *Amarillis*: I broke  
 my Pipes out of Spite, because  
 they knew how to divert my Kine,  
 but cou'd not bring to my Arms  
 my *Amarillis*: There is no Phy-  
 sick whatever, no Sort of Charm  
 can



“ can ease the Pains of Love; no-  
 “ thing can ease the impatient Lo-  
 “ vers but to kiss, embrace, and lie  
 “ naked in each other's Arms.” *Phi-*

*letas*, when he had thus inform'd  
 them, left them, receiving for his  
 Pains some Cheese, and a Kid, whose  
 Horns just began to sprout. And

now the two young Lovers being  
 alone, and having never before  
 heard talk of Love, they found  
 themselves in a worse Plight than  
 ever, because Love began now to  
 touch them to the Quick; so that  
 so soon as they were got Home,  
 they fell to examine their own  
 Hearts, and compare what they  
 felt, with what the old Man had  
 told them. “ Lovers are in Pain,

“ and so are we; they neither

“ eat nor drink, no more do we;

“ they never sleep, nor can we;

“ they fancy they burn, and surely

“ we are all on Fire; they long to

“ see each other, and to us how

“ tedious is the Night, how im-

“ patient are we for the Morning!

“ Is this then what they call

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“ Love? And are we in Love, and  
“ did not know it? But if this be  
“ Love which I feel, and I am be-  
“ loved, from whence all this Un-  
“ easiness? *Philetas* is in the  
“ Right; the Boy he saw in his  
“ Orchard is the same that appear’d  
“ to our Fathers in a Dream, and  
“ charged them to send us to tend  
“ the Flocks in the Field. But how  
“ shall we catch him? he is little  
“ and slippery; and then it is impos-  
“ sible to escape Him, for he has  
“ Wings, and will overtake us: We  
“ must implore the Nymphs for their  
“ Assistance; *Pan* himself was in no  
“ Manner serviceable to *Philetas*,  
“ when he was in Love: We will  
“ therefore have Recourse to the  
“ Remedies he has prescribed to us;  
“ We will kiss, embrace, and lie na-  
“ ked together: ’Tis true, the Wea-  
“ ther is cold, but we will endure it.”

Thus the Night became a Sort of  
second School, in which they re-  
peated what had been taught them  
by *Philetas*. In the Morning, as  
soon as it was Light, they conducted  
their

their Flocks into the Fields, where they fell a kissing each other; which was more than they had done before; they threw their Arms round each other's Neck; but wou'd not venture to proceed to the third Remedy, which wou'd be something too hardy for the Shepherd, as well as Shepherdess. When

Night came, they were incapable of Repose; they cou'd not sleep, nor recollecting on what they had done, and regretting what they had committed; speaking in this Manner to themselves, "We have kissed each other, and are never the nearer; we have embraced each other, and what are we the better? It must therefore be allowed, that lying together is the only sovereign Remedy; and therefore we will try it: For certainly there is something more in it than simple Kissing."

Now as their Thoughts were thus fully employ'd whilst they were awake, it happen'd that amorous Dreams entertain'd them when they



they fell a sleep. They dream'd that they kiss'd and embrac'd each other, and that what they had not the Courage to do by Day, they ventur'd in the Night, and lay naked together; so that in the Morning, they, each of them, rose more inflamed by Love than before; and driving their Flocks to the Fields, so soon as they were in Sight, they ran with a Smile to each other; first they kissed, then they embraced, but for the other they cou'd not bring it about, 'till Chance help'd them forwards. Seating themselves side by side under an Oak, they indulged to themselves the Pleasures of Kissing, of which they cou'd never be satisfied. From Kissing they proceeded to Embracing, and as *Daphnis* in the Transports of his Love was pressing *Chloe* closer than ordinary, she, I know not how, fell on one side, whilst *Daphnis* following her Mouth with his own close to it, that he might not lose the Pleasure of Kissing,

sing, fell upon her; which bringing to their Minds what had pass'd in their Dreams, they continu'd a long Time in that Posture, with their Arms so closely twisted, as if they had been bound together, without guessing at any thing farther, and imagining that That was the utmost Point of the Enjoyments of Love. In this Manner they spent the greatest Part of the Day, 'till the Night, which they curs'd for that Reason, constrain'd them to separate, and house their Flocks. And it is highly probable, that in Time they might have come to the main Point, had it not been for some Troubles that broke out in those Parts. Several rich young Gentlemen of *Metbymnos*, bent upon a Frolick during the Vintage, resolv'd upon a Ramble, and getting aboard a small Vessel they had hir'd for that Purpose, off they put, keeping pretty near to the Shoar, which afforded them convenient Shelter upon Occasion, abounding

with

with commodious Buildings, Springs and Rivulets, as well as Plantations stor'd with Trees of all sorts, some of which were produced by Nature, and others raised by Art. Here wou'd they often land to divert themselves, which they did without doing Injury to any one; sometimes wou'd they get upon the Rocks that advanced far out into the Sea, and with their Hooks and Lines take great Numbers of Fish, which abounded on that Coast; sometime with their Dogs and Nets they pursued the Hare frighten'd by the Labourers out of the adjacent Vineyards; at other Times, Fowling was their Diversion, and then wild Geese, and such like Game, their Prey: So that, besides the Pleasure they took in these Exercises, the Fruits of them serv'd to supply their Table; and what they wanted farther, they bought at the next Village they came at, paying much more for it than the Commodity was worth. Indeed they



they stood in Need of nothing but Bread, Wine and Lodging; for, considering the Season of the Year, they did not think it safe to lie aboard their Vessel, which they hawl'd a-shoar every Night, for fear of any Accident from the Weather: But it happen'd that a Peasant wanting a Rope to turn the Mill wherein they grind the Husks of the Grapes, after the last pressing, and watching his Opportunity, took That belonging to the Boat, without being observ'd, and carry'd it home for his own Use. The next Morning the young Gentlemen made a narrow Search for their Rope, but hearing no Tidings of it, after a few high Words had passed between them and their Landlords, they launch'd off, and having made about Two Leagues, they landed near the Fields where *Daphnis* and *Chloe* were tending their Flocks, and which they thought convenient for Coursing. But having lost their Rope, and not knowing how to fit them-

themselves better, they took some young Twigs of green Withy, the longest they cou'd get, which they twisted together, and so made a Sort of Cordage, which they ty'd to the Prowe of their Boat, and so fasten'd her. When they thought they had, by this Mean, secured their Boat, they went a-hunting, setting their Toils in such Places as they thought most proper. Now it happen'd that their Dogs running this Way, and that, made such a Cry that they frighten'd the Goats, who immediately took from the Hills, and made towards the Shoar, where the meeting with nothing to browze among the Sands, some more hardy than the rest got to the Boat, and eat off the Withy-Cordage with which it was fasten'd. The Water was at that Instant a little ruffled by a Land-Breeze, which immediately drove the Boat off to Sea, which the young Sportsmen no sooner perceiv'd, but some ran towards the Sea, others called  
off

off their Dogs, and all together made such an horrible Out-cry, as raised the whole Country, but all to no Purpose, for the Wind still freshning, they were soon out of all Hopes of recovering her. This was a terrible Disaster, for they had several Things of Value aboard; wherefore their Indignation fell upon the poor Goat-herd, for looking after his Goats no better, so that they belabour'd him soundly, and one of them took a Leash off his Dog, to tie his Hands behind him. All this while poor *Daphnis* did nothing but bawl as loud as he cou'd, crying out to his Neighbours to come and help him. In particular he call'd to his Assistance *Lamon* and *Dryas*, a Couple of tough old Blades, whose Hands were rough and harden'd with Labour. They soon came to his Aid, and put a Stop to the Violence and Injury they were doing *Daphnis*, by representing to them, That if he had done them Wrong, they ought



to proceed in a legal Way against him. The *Methymnians* agreed to it, and *Philetas* was chosen the Umpire, both in respect that he was the most ancient of any upon the Spot, and for as much as he was reckon'd the most upright Man of any in his Village. This Point being settled, the *Methymnians*, considering they were to plead before a Cow-herd of a Judge, open'd their Accusation in the short concise Terms following: " We came a-shore to  
 " hunt in these Parts, and fast'ning  
 " our Boat with some Twigs of O-  
 " fier, we set off our Dogs, and went  
 " in Quest of our Game; in the mean  
 " Time this Bumpkin's Goats strag-  
 " gling from the high Lands down  
 " into the Plains, came and eat up  
 " the Twigs with which our Boat  
 " was fasten'd, so that she ran a-drift,  
 " and, as you see, is now born by  
 " the Waves far out to Sea; we had  
 " on board several Goods to a consi-  
 " derable Value, and among the rest  
 " rich Collars for our Dogs, and  
 " Money

“ Money more than all here are  
 “ worth, which is now lost, at least  
 “ to us; wherefore we claim this lub-  
 “ berly Goat-herd for our Slave, who  
 “ understood his Trade no better  
 “ than to conduct his Goats to the  
 “ Sea-side, as if his Business was Sail-  
 “ ing.” This was the Substance of the  
 Accusation brought by the *Metbym-*  
*nians* against *Daphnis*, who, tho’ he  
 was sorely bruised with the Buffets  
 he had receiv’d, yet the Sight of  
*Chloe* made him as couragious as a  
 Lion; so that he answer’d them  
 boldly in the Terms following.

“ I know how to tend my Goats  
 “ as I ought, and I am sure there is  
 “ not a Man in all the Village ever  
 “ complain’d of any Damage done  
 “ by any one of them in his Gar-  
 “ den, or that they ever injur’d  
 “ the least Twig in his Vineyard;  
 “ but these my Accusers are very  
 “ awkward Huntsmen, and keep ill-  
 “ taught Dogs, who do nothing but  
 “ run barking up and down, by which  
 “ my Goats were so frighten’d, that

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“ they drove them off from the Hill  
 “ down into the Plain, towards the  
 “ Sea-side, as if they had been so ma-  
 “ ny Wolves ; and now they come  
 “ with a Complaint, That some of  
 “ them have eat their Osier ; if they  
 “ did, it was because they found no-  
 “ thing else upon the sandy Shore to  
 “ browze upon. If their Boat be lost  
 “ thro’ Strefs of Weather, they must  
 “ thank the Storm for it ; my Goats  
 “ could not help it, and if there was  
 “ any Thing of Value aboard, ready  
 “ Money they say there was, why  
 “ were they so mad as to trust a Ves-  
 “ sel so richly laden to the Security  
 “ of an Osier Harfer ?” *Daphnis*,  
 when he had finish’d his Defence, fell  
 a-weeping, and mov’d the Compassion  
 of all that were present, inasomuch  
 that the Judge, *Philetas*, swore by  
 the Nymphs and *Pan*, That, in his  
 Opinion, neither *Daphnis* or his  
 Goats were in the Wrong ; and that  
 if there was any Fault, it was in the  
 Winds and Sea, over which, as Judge,  
 he had not Power to oblige them to  
 make



make the Complainants Reparation. This Decision of the good *Philetas* was no ways acceptable to the *Metbymnians*, wherefore they laid violent Hands upon *Daphnis*, and would have forc'd him away Prisoner, had not the Peasants rush'd in upon them, and recover'd him out of their Hands. *Daphnis*, for his Part, behav'd himself very manfully, and fought like a Fury, 'till in the End, what with their Stones and Clubs, they routed the *Metbymnians*, and never left them, 'till they had driven them quite out of their Territories. Then *Chloe* conducted *Daphnis* to the Nymphs Grotto, where she wash'd his Face, that was all besmear'd with Blood that had issued out at his Nose, and putting her Hand into her Pannier, she presented him with a Piece of Cake and Cheese, and what was a far more excellent Repast, she closed her soft ruby Lips to his, and gave him a Kiss more luscious far than Honey. In this Manner did *Daph-*

*ris* escape the present Danger; but the thing did not end here, for these young *Metbymnians* were no sooner returned home, by Land, whereas they went off by Sea; bruised and beaten, whereas they set out fresh and gay; but they caused the Town-Council to be assembled, wherein they very submissively entreated their Fellow-Citizens to revenge the Outrage that had been committed upon them; and the readier to induce them to it, they did not tell them the plain Truth of the Matter, and the Manner of it as it passed, for fear they should have been laugh'd at for suffering themselves to be cudgel'd by a parcel of Peasants; but disguising the Fact, they swore the *Metilenians* had taken their Boat from them by force, and spoiled them of their Goods in such a manner, as if it had been a time of open War between them. Those of *Metbymne* gave an easie Credit to what was alledged, seeing them so ill favouredly handled;

and

and judging it highly just and reasonable to revenge an Outrage committed upon the Children of some of the most noble Houses of their City, they that Moment declared War against the *Metilenians*, and without sending a Denuntiation of it, commanded their Captain-General instantly to launch ten Gallies that were laid up in their Arsenal, and do all the Damage he could upon their Coasts, thinking that Method safer than to Man out a large Fleet in the Winter Season. The next Morning the Captain-General was ready, and ordering some of his Soldiers to the Oars for Expedition sake, he fell on a sudden upon the Territories of the *Metilenians* adjacent to the Sea, where he plunder'd them of their Cattle, their Corn, and Wine, and made great Multitudes of the Peasants that had been working in the Vineyards Prisoners. Among the rest he fell upon the Quarters where *Daphnis* and *Chloe* were tending their Flocks,

and



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and laid hold on every thing that came in his way. *Daphnis* was not at that Instant with his Herd, but was gone into the neighbouring Woods to gather green Boughs, which he reserv'd for Fodder for his Kids in the Winter; so that seeing the Descent of the Enemy at a distance, he hid himself for fear in the Trunk of a hollow Oak. But *Chloe*, who in his Absence was tending both the Flocks, fled for fear, and secured herself in the Nymphs Grotto, whither the Soldiers pursu'd her; and though she entreated them in the Name of the Nymphs, and for their sakes, to do no Damage either to her Person, or Flocks, yet they laugh'd at her Prayers; and having offer'd several Indignities by way of derision to the Images of the Nymphs, they forced Her and her Flocks to the Sea-side, driving her before them with an Ozier Twig, as one would a Sheep or Goat. When they came to the Sea-side, and found their Ships loaden with  
Pillage,

Pillage, they bethought themselves of returning home, not thinking it safe to trust too far to the Uncertainty of the Winter, and the Enterprizes of their Enemies. Wherefore they bore off to Sea by the help of their Oars; for it was so great a Calm, that their Sails were of no manner of Service to them. When all the hurly burly was over, *Daphnis* quitted his hollow Tree, and hasten'd to the Plain where their Flocks used to feed; where when he beheld neither his own Goats, nor *Chloe's* Sheep, nor *Chloe* herself, and only *Chloe's* Pipe that lay upon the Ground, he immediately made a most woful Lamentation. He first ran to the Beach-Tree under which they used to seat themselves; next, to the Sea-side, to see if he could find her there, and at last to the Grotto of the Nymphs, whither he remember'd he saw her fly; and there, prostrating himself on the Ground before their Images, he complain'd of them for failing him

him in that Time of Extremity. Chloe, said he, has been ravish'd out of my Hands, and you have had the Heart to look on and suffer it. Chloe, who has presented you with so many Garlands of Flowers; Chloe, who constantly made you an Offering of the first Milk; Chloe, who gave you that very Flageolet which I there see hanging up. Till this Moment the Wolf never deprived me of a single Goat, and now the Enemy has at one Sweep robb'd me of my whole Herd, and of my beloved Shepherdess into the Bargain. As for my Goats they will soon be killed and flead, and my dearest Chloe will for the future live in the City far removed from Daphnis. With what Face shall I be able to return home to my Father and Mother without my Goats, and without Chloe? I am now reduced to the Life of an idle Lubber, for I have no Herd left to follow; here will I remain without stirring one Step till I am relieved by Death, or  
another



another Irruption of the Enemy.  
*Alas ! Chloe, art thou as uneasy as Daphnis ? Do'st thou think of these Fields, these Nymphs, and me ? or do'st thou solace thy self with the Company of our Sheep and Goats, thy Fellow-Prisoners ? At these Words the disconsolate Daphnis was seiz'd with such a Gust of Sorrow, that after he had shed a Flood of Tears, he fell fast a-sleep, during which appeared to him the Three Nymphs, in the Likeness of Three portly beautiful Women, half naked, without Shoes, with their Hair dishevelled, and exactly like the Figures in the Grotto. At their first Appearance they seem'd to compassionate his Misfortunes, and the most aged gave him these Words of Comfort : Daphnis, said she, do not complain of us ; Chloe is more our Care, than she can be thine ; we have shown our Compassion for her, from the Moment of her Birth, and when she was left and expos'd here in this Grotto, we took Care to*  
*have*

*have her fed and educated. Do not fancy that she is the Daughter of Dryas, or born in this Village, or that it consists with the Dignity of her Birth to tend Sheep : At this very Instant we have so managed, that she shall never be carry'd Prisoner to Methymnos, for we have intreated Pan, who resides within this Pine, though you have never honour'd him, not so much as with a few Flowers, that he would help us to recover her, because he is more conversant in War than we are, having himself often quitted these rural Abodes, and conducted Armies. He is already gone from hence, and will prove a dangerous Enemy to the Methymnians. In the mean time be thou at ease ; arise, and bid thee to Lamon and Myrtilla, who are prostrate on the Ground, as thou art, imagining that thou art Prisoner with Chloe. Set thy Heart at rest ; thy Chloe shall return to Morrow, with the Flock and Herd entire ; which you shall*  
*tend*

tend again, playing on the Flute as usual, whilst Love continues you in his Protection. *Daphnis* having seen and heard these Things, awak'd in a Transport, and weeping as much for Joy as Grief, he ador'd the Images of the Nymphs, promising, that in case *Chloe* return'd in Safety, he would sacrifice to them the fattest Goat in his Herd ; then he run to the Image of *Pan*, erected under a Pine, having the Feet of a Goat, and two Horns on his Head, holding a Flute in one Hand, and an old He-Goat in the other. Hither *Daphnis* frisk'd, and paid his Adorations, desiring *Pan* to restore his *Chloe*, and devoting to him upon that Condition a He-Goat for a Sacrifice. The Sun was setting, and Night drew on before *Daphnis* had given over weeping, and intreating the Gods and Goddesses in behalf of *Chloe* ; then gathering up the Boughs, which he had been cutting in the Woods, he return'd to the Village, to the great



Comfort of *Lamon* and *Myrtilla*.  
After he had eaten a little, he went to Bed, but not without a second Torrent of Trees, and an earnest Address to the Nymphs, that they would vouchsafe to appear to him again in the Night, and that the Day might soon appear, in which they had promised to him the Return of *Chloe*. Never Night appear'd before so long to *Daphnis*, nor so terrible to the *Metbymnians*, whose Captain, when they had made pretty good Way in their Return home, thought it proper to allow them some Refreshment after the Fatigues they had endur'd both by Land and Sea. And meeting with a Shelf advancing far out into the Sea, in the Form of an Half-Moon, within the Points of which the Water was smooth, so that it prov'd as good a Shelter as if it had been a settled Harbour, he thought fit to drop Anchor there, rather than lye By near the Shoar, and run the Hazard of being insulted by the angry Peasants.  
Here

Here he suffered his Crew to refresh themselves, and be merry, as securely as in a settled Peace ; and the Men, who abounded in all sorts of Provisions, which they had pil- laged from the *Metilenians*, in- dulg'd themselves as luxuriously as if they had been at a publick Feast, or a Thanksgiving after a Victory : But Day-Light was no sooner clos'd, and the Night had put an End to their banqueting, when, on a sud- den the distant Earth seem'd a fla- ming Fire, and from a-far they heard a Noise like that of a Naval Force preparing to encounter them. Some cry'd out to Arms ; others call'd on their Companions ; this Man thought himself mortally wounded already ; and the next to him fancy'd he be- held a Corps gliding before him. In short, a real Engagement could not have put them into a greater Confusion. However, the Hor- rors of the Night were nothing, com- par'd to those which succeeded with the Day : For *Daphnis's* Goats ap-

peared, with their Horns wrapped round with Leaves of Ivy in the Berry, and *Chloe's* Sheep howled like Wolves, whilst she herself had on her Head a Garland of Pine. Nor did the Sea produce Spectacles less surprizing and incredible : For when they thought to weigh their Anchors, they found them fixed so fast to the Bottom, as to be immoveable ; the Moment they ply'd their Oars, they all broke, whilst Dolphins danced about their Vessels, and with their Tails unseamed them. From the Top of the Rock, under which they lay at Anchor, they heard the Voice of a Trumpet, not inciting them to Joy and Gladness, but like that which they had heard in the Night sounding to Battle. This redoubled their Consternation, inso-much that they took to their Arms as if the Enemy was just falling unseen upon them, and then they wished the Night to return, as a Season fitter for Repose and Safety. Had they been in their right Senses,



Senses, they would easily have known that all this was no other than an Illusion, with which they were punished by the Great God *Pan*, provoked against them for their Sacrilege; but This never entered into their Heads, because, to their Knowledge, they had made Pillage of nothing consecrated to Him. About Noon the Captain, not without the immediate Impulse of the Divinity, fell into a profound Sleep, in which *Pan* himself appeared to him, and upbraided him in the Terms following. “Thou sacrilegious  
 “Robber, how hast thou presumed  
 “to alarm and annoy the Fields,  
 “in which I delight entirely; to  
 “drive the Herds of Cattle, Sheep  
 “and Goats, which I have taken  
 “under my Protection, and force out  
 “of a consecrated Place a young  
 “Shepherdess, whose Adventures  
 “are decreed by Love to be the  
 “Subject of a singular History;  
 “and that without any Regard or  
 “Reverence to the Nymphs who

“ were Eye-Witnesses of the Vio-  
 “ lation, or to Me, who am the  
 “ Great God *Pan*. I here denounce  
 “ against you, that you shall never  
 “ re-visit the City of *Methymnos*, if  
 “ you think of returning thither  
 “ with your Pillage, nor lose the  
 “ Sound of the Trumpet, with  
 “ which you have been so much  
 “ distracted ; but this Instant will I  
 “ sink you to the Bottom, if thou  
 “ do’st not immediately cause *Chloe*  
 “ to be restored to the Nymphs  
 “ from whom thou hast forc’d her.  
 “ and deliver her Flocks of Sheep  
 “ and Goats together with her.  
 “ Awake therefore, and without  
 “ Delay return the injur’d Shep-  
 “ herdess and her Flocks, on which  
 “ Condition I will be a Safe-guard  
 “ to you both, to her by Land, and  
 “ to thee by Sea. ” The Captain,  
 who was called *Briaxa*, awak’d  
 immediately, and forthwith sum-  
 mon’d the several Commanders of  
 the Gallies to attend him, com-  
 manding them instantly to enquire  
 for

for *Chloe* among their Prisoners. *Chloe* was soon found, and conducted to him, with a Chaplet of Pine on her Head, which explain'd to him his Dream, and gave him to understand, that it was for her Sake he had receiv'd the Apparition. Whereupon he order'd her to be conducted a-shoar, aboard the Admiral Galley; out of which she was no sooner landed, but the Trumpet was again heard from within the Rock, tho' not as before, sounding an Alarm, but venting such Notes as the Shepherds use when they conduct their Flocks into the Pastures. At the same Time the Sheep trip'd over the Planks without making a false Step, and, together with the Goats, who made more hardy Leaps, as being accustomed to climb up to the Top of the highest Rocks and most dangerous Precipices, encompass'd *Chloe*, skipping and bleating round her, as if they were sensible that to her they ow'd their Deliverance; whilst  
the



the Flocks of the other Sheep and Goatherds remain'd unmoved under the Decks of the several Gallies, without answering to the Sound of the Trumpet. This was surprizing to every one, and they all admir'd *Pan's* Power and Beneficence. But this was not all; for both the Elements of Earth and Water produced new Wonders; the *Metbymnians* Gallies unmoor'd of themselves, without weighing Anchors, and a Dolphin moving before the Admiral, shew'd them the Course they were to steer; whilst at Land, a soft and pleasing Sound, from whence unknown, serv'd as a Guide to the Sheep and Goats, that at the same Time march'd and fed together. It was about the Time when the Peasants return with their Cattle to the Pastures in the Afternoon, when *Daphnis*, who had plac'd himself on a rising Ground for that Purpose, beheld *Chloe* at the Head of her Flocks, and thereupon descending precipi-  
tately

tately into the Plain, he cry'd out with a loud Voice, *O ye propitious Nymphs! O happy Pan?* And running to embrace *Chloe*, he was so overtaken with Excess of Joy, that he fell down in a Swoon: But *Chloe*, what with Kissing and Embracing, soon restor'd him to his vital Heat, and brought him to himself. After which they seated themselves under the Beach, where they used to meet; when being both placed in the Shade, he earnestly ask'd her by what good Luck she had escap'd the Hands of so many Enemies. She recounted every Particular to him, from the Beginning to the End: As how the Horns of his Goats had been incircled with Ivy; how her Sheep had howled, and her own Head been adorn'd with a Pine-Garland; of the Fire that was seen from the Land, and the Noise that was heard at Sea. The two different Sounds of the Trumpet, one of Peace, and the other of War; and how a certain harmonious

monious Melody, unknown from whence, had conducted her home. Hereupon *Daphnis*, being conscious that all This was owing to the Divine Assistance of *Pan*, according to what had been declared to him by the Nymphs whilst asleep, recounted in like Manner, on his Part, to *Chloe* whatever he had seen or heard during her Absence; and in particular, that when he was ready to have given up the Ghost, his Life was preserv'd by the Nymphs. When he had finish'd his Narration, he dispatch'd *Chloe* to *Dryas* and *Lamon*, with Orders to prepare every thing that was needful to a Sacrifice, whilst he himself made Choice of the fattest Goat in his whole Herd, and having first twisted her Horns with Ivy, after the Manner in which the Enemy had found them all adorn'd in the Morning, and made a Libation of Milk between the two Horns, he hung her up, flea'd her, and sacrificed her Skin to the Deities,

So



So soon as *Chloe* and the Company arriv'd, he boil'd one Part of the Flesh, and roasted the other, having first set a-part the Portion for the Nymphs, and poured forth to them a full Glass of new Wine. And when he had rais'd some Seats of green Leaves and Boughs, he invited the Company to sit down, and fall too, which they all did accordingly; but *Daphnis*, during the whole Entertainment, had his Eye still upon the Flocks, lest the Wolf, falling unawares upon them, shou'd commit greater Spoils than the Enemy. When they had eat and drunk heartily, they rais'd their Voices, singing Songs compos'd by the ancient Shepherds in Honour of their Deities. Night coming on, in the same Place where they had before feasted, they now repos'd themselves, and slept it out 'till the Morning; beginning the Day with a commemorative Service to *Pan*. They took the He-Goat, that was the Captain of the Herd, crown'd him

him with Pine, and conducted him to the Tree under which the Image of *Pan* was erected; there pouring some Wine upon his Head, and singing Songs of Praise and Thanksgiving to *Pan* their Protector, they hung up the Goat, flea'd him, boil'd some Part, and roasted the Remainder, fixing the Skin with the Horns on upon a Limb of the Pine just opposite to the Image of *Pan*. This was a solemn Pastoral, and such as best suited the Shepherds tutelar Deity, to whom they likewise set a-part the first Services of the Sacrifice, and pour'd out to him the largest of their Goblets full of Wine, whil'st *Chloe* sung to *Daphnis's* Flageolet; after which they fell too, and made much of themselves. Whilst they were in the Height of their Merriment, they observ'd old honest *Philetas* and his youngest Son *Tiryrus* appear'd with little Chaplets of Flowers for the Image of *Pan*, and Bunches of Grapes still hanging upon the Stalks, with  
all

all their Leaves about them. As soon as they perceiv'd him, they all rose up, and assisted him whilst he made his Offerings to the Deity. When they had done, they crown'd their Heads with Leaves of Pine, and then making *Philetas* sit down with them, they return'd again to the Table; where, when the old Soakers grew a little mellow, they began to recount the Occurrences of their Youth; how well they tended their Flocks in their younger Days; how many Dangers they had encounter'd, and how luckily they had escap'd the Hands of Pirates and Free-Booters. One of them bragg'd how he had heretofore kill'd a Wolf; and another, that next to *Pan*, no one cou'd play upon the Pipe like him: It was *Philetas* that gave himself that Commendation; whereupon *Daphnis* and *Chloe* earnestly desir'd him to give them a Sketch of his Skill, and vouchsafe to play a little once at a Sacrifice perform'd in Honour of

I

*Pan,*



*Pan*, who delighted in the Musick of the Flute, when touch'd with a masterly Hand. *Philetas* readily yielded to their Request, tho', as he said, Age had made him short-breath'd, and apply'd his Fingers to *Daphnis's* Pipe accordingly; but he soon found it too little for him to shew much of his Skill upon it, it being an Instrument proper only for a Stripling. Whereupon he dispatch'd in haste his Son *Tityrus* to his Cottage, about half a League distant, for his Own. *Tityrus* pluck'd off his Jacket in an Instant, and stripping himself to his Shirt, bounc'd it away like a Hind-Fawn. In the mean time old *Lamon* entertain'd the Company with the History of the fair *Syrinx*, which he had heard both related and sung by a *Sicilian* Cowherd.

“ The *Syrinx*, said he, was not  
 “ originally a musical Instrument,  
 “ but a beautiful Shepherdes that  
 “ delighted much in singing, tend-  
 “ ing her Flocks, and sporting with  
 “ the Nymphs. The God *Pan*  
 “ beheld

beheld her, as he does us this  
 Moment; he approach'd her, and  
 courted her to his Embraces,  
 promising her, upon her Com-  
 pliance, that each Goat shou'd  
 bring forth Twins at every Ean-  
 ing. She despis'd the God, and  
 told him plainly she was so far  
 from condescending to love him,  
 who look'd more like a He-Goat,  
 than any Thing else; that she  
 had an Aversion to all Men in  
 general. Upon this *Pan* attempt-  
 ed to force her; she fled, and  
 he pursu'd, till in the End, find-  
 ing her Spirits quite exhausted,  
 she flung herself into a Plantation  
 of Reed and Canes, and was ne-  
 ver seen afterwards. *Pan*, in a  
 great Passion, cut down the Plan-  
 tation, in hopes to find her; but  
 when that was not to be done,  
 he at last was sensible of his Dis-  
 appointment, and that she had  
 been turned into a Reed, on pur-  
 pose to escape from him. It was  
 upon this Occasion that he in-  
 vented :

“vented that Sort of Instrument,  
 “joining with Wax several Canes  
 “of an unequal Size, forasmuch  
 “as their Loves had been unequal;  
 “so that she who before was a  
 “beautiful Girl, was now become  
 “a delightful Instrument of Mu-  
 “sic.” *Lamon* had hardly finish’d  
 his Discourse, and *Philetas* com-  
 mended him for it, telling him that  
 his Relation was more sweet and  
 entertaining, than the Song of any  
 other, when *Tityrus* return’d with  
 his Father’s Pipe, compos’d of the  
 biggest Canes that cou’d be found,  
 and adorn’d so curiously, that it  
 look’d like the very same *Pan* him-  
 self made when he first invented  
 it. Then *Philetas* rising from his  
 Seat, examin’d each Vent, to  
 see if there was any Obstructions,  
 and when he found every Stop  
 clear, he breath’d so strongly into it,  
 that it appear’d more like a Consort  
 than the Sound of a single Instrument;  
 ’till relaxing by Degrees he render’d  
 it soft and mellow, instructing his  
 Hearers



Hearers with all his Skill in what Manner the Pipe was most useful in the Fields; and shewing them what Sound was fittest for a Herd of Cattle; what Notes the Goatherd was to use, and with what sort of Airs the Sheep were most delighted. The Sheep were most delighted with a soft mellow Tune; the Kine with one strong and weighty; and the Goats with that which is shrill and piercing; all which Diversity of Sounds he express'd with one single Instrument, whilst his Hearers sat attentive, and in their Silence express'd their Approbation. At last *Dryas* rose, and desiring him to play some jolly Air in Honour of *Bacchus*, he himself danced to it, and in his Dance mimick'd the different Labours in the Vineyard; first he gather'd the Grapes, then he bore them off in Skuttles, he press'd them in the Fat, tun'd the Wine, and drank plentifully of it as he tun'd it. All these several Actions he express'd with such pro-

per Graces, that every Thing he did seem'd natural; and the Spectators cou'd have sworn they had in Reality before their Eyes the Vines, the Presses, the Tunns, and *Dryas* drinking in good Earnest. When the good old Man had so well perform'd his Part, he went and receiv'd a Kiss from *Daphnis* and *Chloe*, who rising at once, fell into a Dance, wherein they represented old *Lamon's* Story. *Daphnis* perform'd *Pan*, and *Chloe* the beautiful *Syrinx*: he made his Addresses, which she with Scorn rejected: She fled; he pursu'd; and the better to express *Pan's* Gate, he ran a Tiptoe. She at length seem'd tir'd in the Chace, and as *Syrinx* hid herself among the Canes, she fled into the adjacent Wood, whilst *Daphnis*, taking *Philetas's* Pipe in his Hand, play'd upon it a melancholly Tune, as of a despairing Lover; of one upon a Pursuit; of one sounding a Retreat; and of one in Quest of a Sheep that was straying.

straying. Inſomuch that *Philetas*,  
 ſurprized to find him ſo great a  
 Proſicient, ran to embrace him,  
 and making him a Preſent of his  
 Pipe, he beſeech'd the Gods, that  
*Daphnis* might in due Time leave  
 it to as worthy a Succeſſor. *Daphnis*  
 conſecrated His to *Pan*, and when  
 he had ſaluted *Chloe*, as recover'd,  
 and returning from a real Flight,  
 he conducted his Flock home, play-  
 ing as he went upon the Pipe; and  
 the Day beginning to cloſe, *Chloe*  
 did the like, and her Flock moved  
 to the Sound of the ſame Muſick.  
 The Goats march'd ſide by ſide  
 with the Sheep, and *Chloe* kept  
 cloſe to *Daphnis*. They enjoy'd  
 as much of each other's Company  
 as they were able, 'till Night came  
 on, and oblig'd them to ſeparate,  
 but not 'till they had promis'd each  
 other to return into the Field early  
 in the Morning, of which neither  
 of them failed; for as ſoon as the  
 Day began to break, they returned  
 with their Flocks to the Paſtures,  
 and



and as soon as they had worship'd the Nymphs and *Pan*, they went and seated themselves under an Oak, where they play'd upon the Pipe together; they kiss'd and embrac'd each other, and lay the one close to the other's Side; then they rose again, without doing any thing farther, only they eat and drunk together, regaling themselves with Milk and Wine. All this serv'd only to enflame them more and more, and made them more eager and impatient. They striv'd which shou'd love most, and came at last to bind themselves to each other by Oath. *Daphnis* placing himself under the Pine, swore by the God *Pan*, That he wou'd not live a Day without *Chloe*; and *Chloe* entering into the Cavern of the Nymphs, made a Vow to live and dye with *Daphnis*. But *Chloe*, like a simple Girl as she was, wanted *Daphnis* to swear by something else. "This same *Pan*, said she, "is an amorous God, on whom  
 "there

“ there is no Relyance. He has  
 “ been in Love with *Piteis* as well  
 “ as *Syrinx*, and is always running  
 “ after some or other of the *Dry-*  
 “ *ades*, or teizing the *Epinelides*;  
 “ so that tho’ thou shoul’dst break  
 “ the Oath thou hast sworn by him,  
 “ tho’ thou should’st be in Love  
 “ with as many Women as there are  
 “ Stops in his Pipe, he wou’d  
 “ laugh at it all. Swear to me  
 “ therefore by thy Flock, and by  
 “ the Goat that was thy Foster-  
 “ Dam, that thou wilt never leave  
 “ *Chloe* ’till thou art by her for-  
 “ saken; and if ever she doth for-  
 “ sake thee, in Violation of the  
 “ Vow she has just now made in  
 “ the Presence of the Nymphs,  
 “ shun her, hate her, or destroy  
 “ her, like a ravenous Wolf. ”

*Daphnis* was well pleased to see  
*Chloe* in fear of losing him, and  
 therefore placing himself in the  
 Middle of his Flock, and holding  
 a He-Goat in one Hand, and a She  
 in t’other, he swore his Love shou’d  
 be

be as lasting as her's, and that if ever she forsook him for the Sake of another, instead of killing her, he wou'd be the Death of his hated Rival. This satisfied her, and made her easy, as thinking Sheep and Goats more proper Deities for Shepherds to swear by, than any others.



Therefore placing himself in the middle of his Flock, and holding a He-Goat in one Hand, and a She-Goat in the other, he swore his Love should





THE  
Pastoral Amours  
OF  
DAPHNIS *and* CHLOE.

---

BOOK *the* THIRD.

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IN the mean Time the *Metilenians* being inform'd of the Damage their Subjects had sustain'd from Ten Gallies belonging to *Metbymnos*, thought it beneath them to suffer such an Outrage, without resenting and revenging it. Whereupon they immediately took to their

their Arms, making a Levy of three thousand Foot, and five hundred Horse, which they sent away by Land, under the Command of their Captain-General, who was called *Hippasus*; thinking it safer to attack their Enemies in that Manner, than to expose their Forces to the Dangers of the Sea in the Winter-Season. The Captain being enter'd upon the Territories of the *Metbymnians*, forbore doing any Damage to the Country-People, either in their Persons or Substance, thinking such a Proceeding fitter for a Band of Thieves than Soldiers, and march'd directly towards their Capital, with an intent to surprize it before the Inhabitants cou'd have timely Notice of his Approach, and put themselves upon their Guard. But before he was got within six Leagues of the Town, he was met by a Herald, who declared that the *Metbymnians* were absolutely for Peace; for having been assur'd by their Prisoners that the *Metile-*  
*nians*

nians were perfect Strangers to the Usage some of their young Men had met withal, which was intirely owing to their own Indiscretion, and Insolence; that they were sorry for what had been done on their Parts, and were ready to give them all reasonable Satisfaction, to the end Commerce might be restored, and Peace establish'd between the two Communities. *Hippasus*, the General, immediately dispatch'd away the Herald to the Council of *Metilene*, tho' he had sufficient Power in himself, and was vested with a Sovereign Authority; whilst he moved on, and encamp'd at about half a League distance from *Metbymnos*, where he waited the Return of the Herald, and the Resolutions of the Council. Two or three Days after a Messenger arriv'd with the Orders of the *Metilenians*, requiring him to demand what had been forcibly taken from their Subjects, and return without committing any Insults, or

K

doing



doing the least Damage to the *Me-  
thymnians*. For having the Choice  
in their own Hands, they wisely  
concluded that Peace was the most  
desirable. And thus an End was  
put to a War, which was not more  
strange in its Beginning, than it  
was sudden in its Conclusion.

And now Winter was come, and  
appear'd more unwelcome and in-  
supportable to *Daphnis* and *Chloe*,  
than War itself. The Snow fell  
in great abundance, covering the  
Roads, and confining the Husband-  
men to their Cottages. The Tor-  
rents fell impetuous from the Tops  
of the Mountains; the Waters were  
congeal'd; the Trees look'd as if  
they were dead; nor was any  
Ground to be seen but here and  
there round the Fountains, and on  
the Banks of Rivers: So that they  
now left off driving their Cattle to  
the Pastures, and very rarely stir'd  
out of their Houses. Every Cot-  
tage had a large Fire in the middle;  
and at Cock-crowing in the Morn-  
ing,

ing, they all busied themselves round their respective Cottages, some in twisting Hemp, others in weaving Goats Hair, whilst some others were preparing Springs and Snares for Birds: The Beeves were fodder'd with Straw in their Stalls, the Sheep and Goats fed with Boughs in their Folds, and the Hogs with Acorns in their Sties. This Recess from Labour made the Winter more acceptable than the Summer, Autumn, or even Spring it self, to every one of the Hinds and Shepherds, but *Daphnis* and *Chloe*; who remembering their past Pleasures, how they used to Kiss, and Embrace, to Eat and Drink together, were restless the live-long Night, and wish'd for the approaching Season with as much Impatience, as in Death one wou'd wish for a Resurrection. Every time they beheld the Basket, out of which they had so often din'd together; or the Jug, familiar to both their Lips; or the Pipe, Love's

Incentive, lying now unregarded on the Ground, it renew'd their Grief, and pierc'd them to the Heart. How often did they beseech *Pan* and the Nymphs to release them, and at length to restore to them and their Flocks the returning Sun bright and clear. At the same time they were devising what Contrivances they might have to see each other. This was very difficult for *Chloe*, because her reputed Mother was always at her Elbow instructing her how to Spin, and play the good Housewife. But *Daphnis*, who was more at leisure, and readier to invent, contriv'd the following Stratagem to have a sight of *Chloe*. Just against *Dryas* his House grew two Mulberry Trees, and an Ivy in the middle between them, extending its Branches on each side, which being supported by the two Trees, form'd a sort of Grotto, or Arbor. The Leaves stood very thick together, and the Berries hung down in Clusters



Clusters like Bunches of Grapes from the Vine. This drew Birds of all sorts thither in the Winter Season especially, when they could not find Sustenance elsewhere. Hither resorted great Flights of Black-birds, Thrushes, Ring-doves, and those other sorts that feed upon Ivy-Berries. And hither *Daphnis* came under a Pretence of Bird-catching, bringing with him a little Wallet full of Cakes temper'd with Honey; and providing himself with great store of Bird-lime, and what other Implements soever might serve to countenance his Pretensions. Now the Distance betwixt *Lamon's* House, and that of *Dryas's*, was about half a League, and the Snow, which lay thick upon the Ground, was very troublesome. But Love conquers all Obstacles, forcing its way through both Extreams of Heat and Cold; unrestrain'd by Beds of Snow thicker than those that cover the *Tartarian* Mountains. When he was arrived he shook off the

Snow that stuck to his Feet, spread his Nets, and cover'd his Twigs with Bird-lime; and then sat himself down, earnestly watching when the Birds, or rather when his *Chloe* would appear. As for Birds he took plenty of them, as many as he was able to pick up, kill, and plume; but from the House no Creature appear'd, neither Man, or Woman, no not so much as a Cock or Hen; every living Soul kept within Doors close by the Fire side; which was matter of great Grief to *Daphnis*, who began now to blame his Stay, and to think that he had set out in an unlucky Hour: His Brains were at work for a Fetch to get into the House, arguing *Pro* and *Con*, and seriously pondering what Pretence wou'd seem the most probable. If he pretended he came to fetch Fire, it wou'd be answer'd to him, he might have had it nearer Home; if he ask'd for some Victuals, he cou'd not be in Want whose Wallet was so well stored; if for

won<sup>2</sup>      21      Wine,







Wine, a likely matter, since it is not above three Days ago since your Presses were at Work; the Wolf pursu'd him, where is the Tract? He is come a Birding, very well, match off with your Booty; I want to see *Chloe*, a pretty Story indeed to make a Confession of his Love to her Father and Mother. In this manner he Reason'd with himself, and found he cou'd not hit upon one Pretence, that had the least Reason in it. "I had better therefore, said he, be patient; the Spring will come, and then I shall revisit *Chloe*: It is the Pleasure of the Gods that I should remain without seeing her in the Winter! After this Soliloquy he shut up his Wallet, and was preparing to jog homeward, when Love, as it were in Compassion to him, contriv'd the following Adventure. Whilst *Dryas* and his Family were at Table, and they were all busie eating and drinking, one of his Sheep-dogs watching his Time, snapped

Snapped a Luncheon of Flesh, and ran out of Doors with it as fast as his Heels could carry him. This set *Dryas* upon the Fret, the rather because it was his own Commons, so that with a good knotty Stick in his Hand he ran full drive after him. The Dog took towards the Place where *Daphnis* had been sporting; and *Dryas* found him just as he had thrown his Wallet over his Shoulder, and was returning homewards. He no sooner saw him, but forgetting both the Dog and the Meat, and giving him the chearful Salutation of *My Son, God save thee*, he embraced him, kissed him, took him by the Hand, and conducted him to his Cottage. When *Daphnis* and *Chloe* came thus unexpectedly within sight, they were ready to faint through excess of Joy; with much ado they held their own, accosting and saluting each other, which was a means to prevent them from falling. *Daphnis* being thus blest beyond his Hopes,



Hopes, not only in the sight of *Chloe*, but with a Kiss from her, fate him down by the Fire, and flung his Birds out upon the Table; telling the Company, that being weary of Home, he was come a birding, and explaining to them the Stratagems he had made use of to take them. They all applauded his Wit and Cunning, and invited him to take Part of what was left, and fall too. *Chloe* was order'd to fill about, which she did with all her Heart, presenting the Cup to the rest first, and at last to *Daphnis*; for she pretended to be angry with him, for that being so near the House, he wou'd not vouchsafe to call and ask how she did; however, she kiss'd the Cup, and then presented it to him. Tho' *Daphnis* was very thirsty, yet he took his Draught leisurely, that his Lips might be the longer upon the Place that had been touch'd by *Chloe's*. When the Table was clear'd they ask'd him how it fared with *Myrtala* and *Lamon*, adding, they were

were very happy in having such a Support in their Age. *Daphnis* was not displeased with the Compliment, the rather because *Chloe* heard it; but when they told him they wou'd not let him go home 'till to Morrow, because *Dryas* was the next Morning to perform a Sacrifice to *Bacchus*, he was so transported that he cou'd hardly forbear worshipping Them instead of *Bacchus*; and drawing some of his Cakes and Birds out of his Wallet, the Birds were drawn and prepar'd for Supper; the Fire was re-kindled, the Wine filled, the Table spread, and by that Time it grew dark they fate down and fell too. When they had supped, they diverted themselves with merry Songs and Stories 'till Bed-Time, when *Chloe* lay with her Mother, and *Daphnis* with *Dryas*. *Chloe* could not sleep all Night, for thinking how happy the Sight of *Daphnis* wou'd make her in the Morning; and *Daphnis* thought it no small Satisfaction to have *Dryas* for

for his Bed-Fellow, because he was *Chloe's* Father; nor cou'd the amorous Youth forbear to hug and kiss him, fancying himself hugging and kissing *Chloe*, as it were at second hand. The next Morning prov'd severely cold, by reason of the North Wind, which was very nipping. As soon as they were up *Dryas* sacrificed an yearling Ewe to *Bacchus*; and whilst Dinner was getting ready, and *Napea* was busy a baking the Bread, and *Dryas* a roasting the Mutton, *Chloe* and *Daphnis*, having nothing to do within Doors, march'd out, and took a Walk to the Ivy, laying their Snares and baiting their Twigs with Birdlime. They took good Store of Birds, kissing each other every Turn, and discoursing in the Terms following.

*It is my Love to thee, O Chloe, has brought me hither. I know it, Daphnis. It is to thee and thy Charms I sacrifice these unhappy Captives: Am I in thy Favour? I beseech thee to think on me. That I do think on thee,*



thee, let the Nymphs witness, before whom I plighted my Faith to thee in the Grotto, and where I hope we shall meet again as soon as the Snow is melted. Alas! said Daphnis, it is so very deep, that I fear I shall be consum'd through the Impatience of Love before that is melted. Never fear, Daphnis, the Sun begins already to grow Warm. I wish to God, O Chloe, it was as warm as the Fire in my Breast. Nay, now you jeer me, said Chloe. No, by these Goats, by whom not long since you made me swear. They were at this Rate ecchoing, as it were, to each other, when *Napæa* call'd 'em. Whereupon they hasten'd homewards, and carry'd with them more Game than *Daphnis* had taken the Day before. When they had made an Offering of the first of the Sacrifice to *Bacchus*, they went to Dinner, having their Heads crown'd with Garlands of Ivy. When they had fed plentifully, and sung some Hymns in  
Ho-

Honour to *Bacchus*, they dismiss'd  
*Daphnis*, filling his Wallet with  
 Bread and Meat, and returning to  
 him the Birds he had taken, as a  
 Present to *Lamon* and *Myrtala*;  
 alledging that they cou'd take them  
 when they pleas'd all the Winter  
 long, that they shou'd never want  
 Game so long as the Ivy was stor'd  
 with Berries. In this Manner *Daph-*  
*nis* took his Leave, saluting them  
 all round, and *Chloe* last of all, that  
 her Kifs might dwell upon his Lips  
 the longer. After this he found  
 out some other Pretences to renew  
 his Visits, so that the Winter-Season  
 did not pass without some amorous  
 Amusements. But at the Spring's  
 Approach, when the Snow melted,  
 the Ground appear'd, and the Grass  
 began to push forth; every Shep-  
 herd conducted his Flock to the  
 Pasture, but none so soon as *Daph-*  
*nis* and *Chloe*, who had engag'd  
 themselves to serve a Shepherd more  
 sovereign than the rest. They first  
 presented themselves in the Nymphs

L

Grotto.

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Grotto, from whence they repair'd to the Pine, under which was the Image of *Pan*, and from thence to the Oak, where they seated themselves whilst their Flocks fed, and at length went to gather Flowers to compose Chaplets for the Images. But the Flowers were but just beginning to bud through the kindly Breathings of the gentle Zephyrs, that open'd the Mold, and the Heat of the Sun, that warm'd them. However, they found some Violets, Cowslips, and other Flowers peculiar to the Spring, with which they made their Garlands, and crown'd the Heads of their Images, to whom they made an Offering of new Milk from their Ews and Goats. After this they began to tune their Pipes, as if they had a Mind to challenge the Nightingales, who answer'd them out of the Woods, and began to warble. The Sheep, after so long a Silence, bleated; the Lambs play'd, and cower'd under their Dams Bellies, to come at  
the



the Teats: The Ram pursu'd the Ews that had not yet yeaned, and having overtaken them, cover'd every Ram his Own. The Goats did the like, the Males frisking after the Females, some of them fighting for their own, and suffering no other to cover them. This was enough to awaken Desire even in old Age; how much more therefore must it incite our youthful Pair, who were then in their Prime, who had been a long Time in Quest after the *ne plus ultra* of Love, and were now inflamed and melted into Desire at every Thing they saw and every Thing they heard. They were sensible there was something more in Love besides Kisses and Embraces, but what it was they could not comprehend. Especially *Daphnis*, who having lain idle all the Winter, was grown rampant, fired at every Kiss, long'd more eagerly to embrace her, and did every thing with a greater Gusto and with less Reserve than at any

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Time before. He importun'd *Chloe* to let him have his Will, and that they might lie naked together longer than they had hitherto done: *For this*, said he, *is the single Point remaining for us to learn, of all Philetas's Instructions, as the last and only Remedy for Love.* *Chloe* ask'd what sort of Charm they shou'd find in lying naked together, that exceeded the Pleasure of a Kiss and Embrace, more than if they lay together in their Cloaths? *The same* said *Daphnis*, *that the Ram finds with the Ewe; see*, added he, *after they are coupled, how still and complacent they are, as having no Wish beyond it, and sure they feel something we are not yet arriv'd at, surpassing that Bitterness of Love which has hitherto been our Potion.* And prithee, said *Chloe*, do'st thou not observe that both the Sheep and the Goats, when they do the Thing thou mentioned'st, they do it standing; the Males uppermost, and the Females bear-

*bearing them on their Backs; and yet thou wouldst have me lye with thee upon the Ground; nay, naked, whereas the Females thou seest have more Wool and Hair, and are thicker cloathed than I am with all my Garments about me. Daphnis had not a Word in answer to this, and in Token of Submission, he lay in his Cloaths close by her, stretching himself at his length, without being able to devise what it was he was to do to obtain the Thing he so much desired. He made her rise, and hug'd her backwards, but in that he found less Satisfaction than before; wherefore, resuming his former Posture, he lamented his Ignorance, in as much as the very Rams and Ewes knew better than he how the Acts of Love were to be accomplish'd. Now there liv'd hard by a Husbandman, who had a small Inheritance of his town, which he cultivated, without being a Tenant or Vassal: His Name was Chronis, and being past*



114 DAPHNIS *and* CHLOE.

the Flower of his Age, he was something crazy; but on the other hand, his Wife, *Lycanion*, was young and handsome, and of a more subtle Wit than is usually found in Women of her Rank and Fortune. This Woman having seen *Daphnis* pass by her Door every Morning as he conducted his Flock into the Field, and returning with them in the Evening, long'd to be better acquainted with him, and was in Hopes, what by Gifts and Allurements, to gain her Ends upon him; accordingly finding him one Day by himself, she presented him with a Pipe, a Honey-Comb, and a Scrip made of a Stag's Skin. This was all she wou'd venture at for the first Bout, observing that *Chloe* and he came generally together, tho' she cou'd not guess how Matters went between them, only she observ'd them to laugh often, and nod their Heads at each other. However, that she might be better inform'd, she pretended to her Husband

Husband *Chronis*, that she was called to a Neighbour of hers, who was in Labour, and dogged them close upon the Heels, in order to discover what she very much apprehended, and lying perdue behind a Bush, without being perceiv'd by them, she had an Opportunity of seeing all they did, and hearing every Word they spoke; she particularly observ'd *Daphnis* to bewail himself for that he cou'd not discover the Means of satisfying his Love. Wherefore, in Compassion to the amorous Couple, and considering that an Opportunity did now present it self of killing, as they say, two Birds with one Stone, and that it was in her Power at once to instruct Them, and gratify her own Desire, she had Recourse to the following Contrivance. The next Day, having told her Husband she was going to visit her lying-in Neighbour, she went directly to the Oak where she found *Daphnis*, and putting on an Air of Concern,

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Concern, " Alas, honest *Daphnis*,  
 " said she, I have not above ten  
 " poor Gossins, and an Eagle has  
 " carry'd off the fairest; but as it  
 " prov'd too weighty for his Ta-  
 " lons, he was not able to bear it  
 " up to his Airie upon yon Rock,  
 " but has drop'd it in the Thicket  
 " hard by: Wherefore I beseech  
 " thee in the Name of the Nymphs  
 " and *Pan*, to come along with me  
 " and help me to recover it, for I  
 " am afraid to go in alone: And  
 " who knows but in assisting me  
 " thou may'st be serviceable to thy  
 " self also, for thou may'st chance  
 " to kill the Eagle, and revenge  
 " the Ravage committed upon your  
 " Kids and Lambs; *Chloe* may tend  
 " both Flocks in thy Absence; for  
 " thy Goats will be as obedient to  
 " her as thy self, because you are  
 " always in the Field together. "

*Daphnis*, without suspecting any  
 Trick, rose immediately, and taking  
 his Crook in his Hand, followed  
*Lycanion*, who led him as far as  
 she



she cou'd into the Cops, and at as  
 great a Distance from *Chloe*, 'till she  
 came to a Fountain, where she made  
*Daphnis* sit down, and then told  
 him: " Last Night Love and the  
 " Nymphs appear'd to me in my  
 " Sleep, and reveal'd to me for  
 " what it was thou didst weep Ye-  
 " sterday, commanding me to ease  
 " thee of thy Care, and instruct  
 " thee in the very Game of Love,  
 " which consists in something more  
 " than a Hug and Kiss, or what  
 " thou hast observed in the Rams  
 " or Goats, infinitely surpassing it  
 " in Pleasure. Wherefore, if thou  
 " wilt have thy Heart at Ease, and  
 " taste the Joys thou hast been so  
 " eagerly in Pursuit after, follow  
 " my Instructions, and by the Blef-  
 " sing of the Nymphs, I will teach  
 " thee what thou longest to learn. "

*Daphnis*, like an ignorant amorous  
 young Swain as he was, was at his  
 Wits End, and throwing himself at  
*Lycenion's* Feet, desir'd her of all  
 Loves to give him that delicious  
 Receipt

Receipt without Delay, to the End he might soon have his Will of *Chloe*; and as if it was a very great and difficult Receipt indeed, he promised her in Return a Kid, some New Cheefe, some Cream, and even the Goat her self. *Lycanion* finding his Simplicity even greater than she expected, began with him in this manner. She first bid him sit down by her, and kiss her with the same Vigour he used to kiss *Chloe*, and whilst he was kissing her to press her to him as close as he was able, and at last to throw himself flat with her upon the Ground. When *Daphnis* had done as he was instructed, and *Lycanion* found him in a Disposition to content her, she rais'd him up a little, and with a Jet placed her self just under him, shewing him the way to obtain what he had been so long a searching; for Nature made him an apt Scholar, and he was not now long to learn what had ever been practised by all Mankind, and to which







which no one, was a Stranger but  
*Daphnis*. He had no sooner done,  
 but, as silly as ever, he was for run-  
 ning immediately to *Chloe*, to teach  
 her what he had been learning be-  
 fore he had forgot it; but *Lyceni-*  
*on* withheld him, saying, " Thou  
 " must moreover know, *Daphnis*,  
 " that as I am a Woman I have re-  
 " ceiv'd no harm from what thou  
 " hast done to me, for another Man  
 " some Years since taught me what  
 " I have been teaching thee, and  
 " had my Maidenhead for his Re-  
 " ward; but when thou shalt come  
 " to wrestle such a Fall with *Chloe*,  
 " thou wilt hurt her at first, and  
 " make her cry out 'till the Blood  
 " comes, as if thou wer't murder-  
 " ing her, but don't let That fright  
 " thee, but bring her hither; here  
 " no one can hear her cry, nor see  
 " what's a doing; and if she bleeds,  
 " let her wash her self in this Foun-  
 " tain; but remember after all, that  
 " it is I have made thee a Man, and  
 " not *Chloe*. After these Docu-  
 ments,

ments, *Lycanion* went out at the other side of the Cops, pretending to go seek her Goslin; and *Daphnis* pondering on what she had said, cool'd a little, and abated of his first Heat; thinking he should offend *Chloe* if he proceeded farther than to his usual Kisses and Embraces. He had not the Heart to make her cry out, and her Tears wou'd be a sign she was in Pain: To make her bleed wou'd be abominable; for he was still such a Novice, as to think there could be no Blood, but where the Wound was dangerous. Wherefore he left the Wood with a Resolution to content himself with the customary Enjoyments; and coming up to her, he found her busied in preparing a Chaplet of Violets, and told her a formal Story, how he had forced out of the very Claws of the Eagle *Lycanion's* Goslin; then throwing himself upon her, he kiss'd her just as *Lycanion* had kiss'd him in the height of her Transport, for  
that



that he thought was all he cou'd venture to do with Safety. *Chloe* in the mean time placed the Garland on his Head, and as she put it on, she kiss'd his Locks, which, she said, in her Opinion, smell'd sweeter than the Violets. Then she took some little Cakes out of her Basket, which she gave him to eat, and as he crump'd them between his Teeth, she took the Morsels out of his Mouth, and eat them herself, just as a young Bird pecks from the Bill of his Dam. Whilst they were thus eating together, and kissing faster than they eat, they perceiv'd a Fisher-Boat passing by. The Air was still, and the Sea very calm; so that the Fisher-men had Recourse to their Oars for Expedition sake, that the Fish they had just then taken might come to a good Market; and as it is usual for Sea-faring Men, to make their Work go down the better, one of these Fisher-men heartened up the rest by a merry Song conceiv'd in

Sea-Terms, to which the rest bore a Bob in the Chorus. Now whilst they were out at Sea the Sound was lost, the Voice being bury'd in the Air; but as they pass'd any Point, or enter'd into a Bay, especially when form'd like a Crescent, both the Dash of the Oars and the Notes of the Song were heard more distinctly; for here the Sea was terminated by an open Vale at the Foot of a Mountain, which receiving the Sound, like the Air undulating in a Flute, reverberated the Sound both of the Oars and the Sailors, which prov'd an agreeable Entertainment to the Ear; for the Voice coming from the Sea, the Repetition, the later it began, the longer it continued. *Daphnis*, who well knew the Meaning of that Repetition, was intent only upon the Sea, endeavouring to get some of the Words in the Song, to play to them afterwards upon his Pipe; but *Chloe*, who had never before heard this redoubling of  
the

the Voice, which is called *Eccho*, turn'd her Head sometimes to the Sea, whilst the Fisher-men were singing, and then again towards the Woods, to see who they were that answer'd them; and when they were gone past, and every thing was silent, she ask'd *Daphnis* if there was another Sea behind that Rock, and other Sailors. *Daphnis*, with a sweet Smile and sweeter Kiss, putting the Chaplet of Violets upon her Head, recounted to her the Fable of *Eccho*, demanding ten Kisses more for his Reward, when he had told it her. " My Life, said he, there are  
 " several sorts of Nymphs; some  
 " preside over the Meadows, others  
 " over the Waters, and some rule  
 " the Woods; one of these heretofore was *Eccho*, mortal, because  
 " her Sire was mortal, and beautiful as was her Mother. She was  
 " sed by the Nymphs, and instructed by the Muses, who taught her  
 " to play on the Flute, the Lute,  
 " and all other Instruments of Music,  
 " sick,



“ sick, insomuch that in the Flower  
 “ of her Age she was able to dance  
 “ with the Nymphs, and sing with  
 “ the Muses. Above all Things  
 “ she avoided the Male Sex, whe-  
 “ ther Gods or Mortals, and re-  
 “ solv’d to preserve herself a Vir-  
 “ gin. *Pan* was provoked at her,  
 “ not only out of Envy to her for  
 “ singing so well, but out of Spite  
 “ for that she wou’d not receive  
 “ his Addresses. Wherefore he  
 “ incens’d all the neighbouring  
 “ Shepherds against her, who like  
 “ so many hungry Wolves and Dogs,  
 “ worry’d the helpless Virgin, tore  
 “ her piece-meal, and dispers’d her  
 “ mangled Limbs. However, the  
 “ Earth, in regard to the Nymphs,  
 “ preserv’d her Notes, and retain’d  
 “ her Musick, insomuch that, by  
 “ the Permission of the Muses, she  
 “ even to this Hour replies to the  
 “ Voice in what Key one pleaseth,  
 “ answering in the same Manner as  
 “ she did whilst alive to the Voices  
 “ of the Gods and Men; to the In-  
 “ struments

“ Instruments of Musick, to the Cat-  
 “ tle, and to *Pan* himself whilst he  
 “ is playing on his Pipe, who hear-  
 “ ing his Air mimick’d, skips a-  
 “ bout, not out of a Desire to ob-  
 “ tain her, but to discover, if he  
 “ can, what invisible Being it is  
 “ that apes him.” *Daphnis* having  
 finish’d his Relation, *Chloe* kiss’d  
 him not only ten times as he had  
 demanded, but gave him Kisses  
 without Number, the Smacks where-  
 of were repeated by *Eccho*,  
 who seem’d thereby to justify the  
 Truth of his Story. As the Sum-  
 mer came on, the Heat of the Sun  
 encreased, and new Diversions pre-  
 sented themselves agreeable to the  
 Season. *Daphnis* bathed in the  
 Rivers, and *Chloe* wash’d herself in  
 the Fountain; *Daphnis* play’d on  
 his Pipe, and was answer’d by the  
 Breezes whistling through the Pines;  
*Chloe* sung, and contended with the  
 Nightingale for the Mastery. They  
 chaced the Grasshopper, gather’d  
 Flowers, shook the Trees, and fed

on ripen'd Fruit; Sometimes they lay naked together, covering themselves with Goat-Skins; and then it was easy for *Chloe* to be made a Woman, had not *Daphnis* been afraid of the Consequence; with the Apprehensions of which he was so terrified, that fearing he shou'd not always be Master of himself, it was very rarely he suffer'd *Chloe* to undress, at which *Chloe* cou'd not but wonder, tho' she was too modest to ask him the Reason. Now about this Time several Pretenders apply'd themselves to *Dryas* with Offers to marry *Chloe*. Some of them made him Presents, others large Promises, insomuch that *Nappa*, who was naturally of a covetous Temper, advis'd him to marry her, without venturing to keep her a Maid any longer, "Because," said she, if we do not give her a "Husband in due Time, she may "chance to make a Present of her "self and Maidenhead to some "Bumpkin, who will bribe her to  
 " it



“ it with a paltry Present of Apples  
 “ or Roses. Wou’d it not be bet-  
 “ ter, added she, both for her and  
 “ us, to match her to some honest  
 “ Farmer, and accept of the Pre-  
 “ sents offer’d us, which we may  
 “ lay by for our little Boy;” for  
*Napea* had not long before been  
 deliver’d of a Son. *Dryas* himself  
 was at first tempted with so many  
 golden Offers; for the Terms that  
 had been proposed were infinitely  
 more advantageous than suited with  
 the Condition of a simple Shep-  
 herdes. However, on recollecting  
 with himself that the Girl was of  
 a certain of too high a Birth to be  
 marry’d to a Peasant, and that if in  
 Time her true Parents shou’d be  
 known, he and his Wife, might  
 chance to be richly rewarded upon  
 the Discovery, he forbore giving  
 any positive Answer, which he de-  
 layed from Day to Day, and so spun  
 out the Time, making the several  
 Pretenders in the mean while vie  
 with each other who shou’d present  
 most

most liberally. *Chloe* soon smelt out what was a hatching, and cou'd not but be highly concern'd at it; however she forbore acquainting *Daphnis* with the Cause of her Uneasiness, for fear of disturbing him; 'till after much Importunity, and his assuring her that his Ignorance was a greater Trouble to him, than his knowing of it cou'd possibly be, she recounted to him the whole Matter; how many wealthy Suiters had demanded her in Marriage, with the Arguments *Napæa* had made use of to incline her Husband to it, and that *Dryas* had not refused, but deferred giving his Consent 'till the next Vintage. These Words cast *Daphnis* into the greatest Confusion; he threw himself on the Ground, and wept bitterly, exclaiming that he should dye with Grief if *Chloe* forbore accompanying him to tend the Flocks in the Fields, and that the very Lambs and their Ewes wou'd dye of the same Disease, if ever they shou'd be

be depriv'd of their beautiful Shepherdess. At last, after he had given a little Way to his Grief, he took Heart, and bethought himself, why he shou'd not put in his Demands, and ask *Chloe* of her Father; flattering himself with the Hopes of being more acceptable than his Rivals, and that he shou'd be preferr'd before them. There was but one Thing stood in his Way, and that was, that his Foster-Father *Lamon* was not rich, the Thought of which cut him to the Quick; however, come what wou'd of it, he resolv'd to make the Proposal, and *Chloe* did not fail to encourage his Resolution. He did not think it proper to disclose his Mind at once to *Lamon*, but first open'd himself to *Myrtala*, and told her how passionately he desired to marry *Chloe*. That very Night *Myrtala* mov'd it to her Husband, whom she found very averse to the Matter. He call'd her a thousand Fools, for entertaining a Thought of marrying their Foster-



Foster-Child to a Shepherd's Daughter, since it was evident from what they had found expos'd with him, that he was born to a more exalted Fortune, and that he did not despair, but that the Parents of the Child, who wou'd one Day be discover'd, wou'd not only release them out of Servitude, and make them free, but put them in Possession of a better Farm than what they now held of their Master. These were *Lamon's* Reasons, which however *Myrtala* conceal'd from *Daphnis*, for Fear, lest, when he found himself disappointed in his Hopes of marrying *Chloe*, he shou'd do some desperate Act or other, so much she perceiv'd his Heart set upon it, and came off with the Fetch following. "Thou  
 " know'st, my Son, that we are  
 " poor, and in a Condition fitter  
 " to receive Money with a Wife,  
 " than to give any for one. They  
 " on the other Hand are rich, and  
 " expect a giving Husband. But go,  
 " do

“ do thou work up *Chloe*, and let  
 “ her persuade her Father to abate  
 “ in his Demands to us, and let it  
 “ be a Match; I know she loves  
 “ thee, and had rather have thee for  
 “ a Bed-fellow, poor as thou art,  
 “ but handsome, than any of thy  
 “ Rivals, who are rich indeed, but  
 “ ugly as Baboons.” *Myrtala*  
 thought this the only way to ma-  
 nage *Daphnis*; being pretty cer-  
 tain *Dryas* wou’d never give his  
 Consent, having before him so ma-  
 ny more advantageous Offers. At  
 the same Time *Daphnis* cou’d not  
 find Fault with this Answer; tho’  
 he knew it wou’d be impossible for  
 him to come up to the Demands  
 of *Dryas*; wherefore he did as  
 most indigent Lovers do upon the  
 like Occasions, he fell a-crying,  
 and invoking the Nymphs to be  
 assisting to him. They, the Night  
 following, appear’d to him as he  
 was asleep, in the same Form and  
 after the same Manner they had  
 done before; and the more elderly  
 of

of them address'd herself to him in the Terms following. *Daphnis*, said she, we have no Hand in making Matches; that is the Office of another Deity; but this we can do, we will put thee in the Way of mollifying *Dryas*: The Boat, which some Time since belonged to the young Gentlemen of *Methymnos*, and turn'd a-drift after one of thy Goats had eaten the Osier Twigs, with which it was fasten'd to the Shore, was that Day driven by the Winds far out into the Sea, but the Night following the Wind shifted; and blowing pretty hard, the Waves drove her back to Land, where she staved against the Rocks, and the greatest Part of her Cargo was lost; only a Purse with three hundred Crowns in it was thrown upon the Sand, where it still lies cover'd up, and hid under Sea-Weeds, which the Surges have flung upon it, near a dead Dolphin, the Stench of whose putrified Carcass has prevented any one from coming near



*near and discovering it; go thy Way, and search for this Purse, wherein thou wilt find sufficient for the present to convince Dryas that thou art no poor Body, and in Time thou wilt be vastly rich.* When they had utter'd these Words, they vanish'd with the Night; and *Daphnis* rising full of Joy and Expectation, conducted his Herd to the Pasture, where having first saluted *Chloe*, and adored the Nymphs, he ran immediately towards the Sea, as if with an Intent to purify himself with salt Water, and went prying along the Shoar, to see if he coul'd set his Eyes upon the Treasure, which had been promis'd him in his Vision. He was not long in Search after what he wanted, for he soon had the dead Dolphin in Scent, and then following his Nose he came in an Instant to the very Spot where the Purse lay cover'd with the Weeds, which he remov'd, and put the Money into his Basket. The great Joy he was in upon this

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Occasion did not make him forget returning his Thanks to the Nymphs, and even to the Sea; for tho' he was by Profession a Goatherd, yet he cou'd not but consider That Element as more friendly and beneficent to him than the Earth, since it was by the Assistance thereof he now found himself in a Condition to marry *Chloe*. Being thus possess'd of his new gotten Riches, he look'd upon himself not only as the wealthiest Swain in all those Parts, but as the happiest Man living; therefore away he hasten'd to *Chloe*, to whom he recounted what had been reveal'd to him in his Sleep, and shew'd her the Purse full of Money, bidding her look after both Flocks 'till he return'd to her. When he had said this, he hurried away as fast as his Legs cou'd bear him to *Dryas*, whom he found threshing Corn with his Wife *Nappa*. " *Dryas*, said he, give me thy Daughter *Chloe* in Marriage; " I know well how to Play upon  
" the

“ the Pipe; I know how to manage  
 “ the Vine and Olive; to till the  
 “ Ground, and winnow the Corn?  
 “ and let *Chloe* herself witness  
 “ for me, whether I do not know  
 “ perfectly well how to tend and  
 “ govern my Cattle. I had at first  
 “ Fifty Goats committed to my  
 “ Keeping, and I have now increas-  
 “ ed them to a hundred and fifty.  
 “ Besides, I have raised two lusty  
 “ He-Goats for the Use of the  
 “ Flock, whereas before we were  
 “ forc’d to borrow of our Neigh-  
 “ bours. Besides, I am young, and  
 “ have been bred up here in your  
 “ Neighbourhood, which is a Thing  
 “ worthy Consideration. I was  
 “ nourish’d by a She-Goat, and  
 “ *Chloe* by a Ewe; and tho’ what  
 “ I have already urged may be  
 “ thought sufficient to prefer me  
 “ to the rest, yet I will not be be-  
 “ hind hand with them in Point of  
 “ Presents. They will make you  
 “ an Offering of some Goats, a  
 “ few Sheep, or a Yoke of scabby



“Oxen, with scarce as much Corn  
 “as will suffice to fatten three  
 “Pullets; but see here three hun-  
 “dred Crowns, of which I will  
 “this Instant make thee Master,  
 “upon this Condition, that thou  
 “lettest no one know it, not so  
 “much as my Father *Lamon*.” At  
 these Words he gave him the Purse  
 into his Hand, and kiss’d him fa-  
 vourly. *Dryas* and *Napea*, at the  
 Sight of such a Sum, larger than  
 they had ever seen together in their  
 Lives before, without any more a-  
 do, promis’d *Daphnis* that he shou’d  
 have *Chloe*, and that with *Lamon*’s  
 Good-liking; in order to which,  
*Dryas*, shutting up the Purse, went  
 with all Speed to *Lamon*, to de-  
 mand *Daphnis* of him for *Chloe*,  
 which was a new Way of proceed-  
 ing. He found *Lamon* and his Wife  
 measuring out some Barly, which  
 they had been a winnowing, and  
 making their Complaints that they  
 had hardly reap’d so much as they  
 had sowed. *Dryas* comforted them  
 up,

up, by telling them it was a common Case, and then told them what it was he came for. He said that tho' several others had made very large Offers, he preferred *Daphnis* to them all, chusing rather to give with his Daughter to him, than receive for her from any other.

" For, continued he, they have been  
 " bred up together from their  
 " Childhood; they have tended  
 " their Flocks together, and contracted such a Love for each other, that it wou'd be hard to  
 " part them, and they are now of  
 " Age to be put to Bed together."

These, and many other Arguments were alledged by *Dryas*, whom the Present of three hundred Crowns had inspired with the Power of Persuasion. *Lamon*, who cou'd no longer urge the Pretence of Poverty, since the Offer came from the Damsel's own Parents; nor his Age, for *Daphnis* cou'd almost write Man; forbore however declaring the very Reason which made him so

cool upon the Matter, which was, that he thought *Daphnis* was of too high a Birth to be matched with a Shepherdess; so that after a little Pause, he made *Dryas* the following Answer. “ It is exceeding good  
 “ in you, said he, to make Choice  
 “ of a Neighbour rather than a  
 “ Stranger, and not to prefer Wealth  
 “ to honest Poverty; for which  
 “ may the Great *Pan* reward you.  
 “ For my Part, I must assure you I  
 “ am as desirous of this Match as  
 “ you can possibly be, otherwise I  
 “ should be an Idiot, advanc’d as I  
 “ am in Years, and more in Want  
 “ of Support than ever. I must al-  
 “ ways look upon it as a singular  
 “ Honour to be ally’d to your Fa-  
 “ mily, and to have the beautiful  
 “ *Chloe* for my Daughter-in-law,  
 “ against whom there can be no  
 “ Manner of Objection. But as I  
 “ am by Condition a Vassal, and  
 “ can consequently dispose of no-  
 “ thing I have without the Consent  
 “ of my Master, let us stay ’till the  
 “ Vin-



“ Vintage, at which Time I expect  
 “ he will be here, and then the  
 “ Nuptials may be celebrated with  
 “ the greater Solemnity. In the  
 “ mean Time let the young Ones  
 “ love each other with the Affecti-  
 “ on of Brother and Sister, and let  
 “ me tell you, *Dryas*, by the By,  
 “ you may chance to have one for  
 “ your Son-in-law, who has better  
 “ Blood in his Veins than what  
 “ flows in mine.” When *Lamon*  
 had said this, he kiss’d *Dryas*, and  
 made him drink with him, it being  
 then in the Middle of the Day, and  
 hot Weather, after which he dis-  
 miss’d him with a thousand Thanks  
 and Caresses. But *Dryas*, who had  
 not listen’d with a deaf Ear to what  
*Lamon* had been saying, ponder’d  
 with himself who this *Daphnis*  
 might be; *He was suckled by a*  
*Goat, and that is an Instance of the*  
*great Care the Gods had for his*  
*Preservation; he is beautiful, and*  
*bears not the least Resemblance of*  
*that old flat-nos’d Fellow Lamon,*  
 nor

nor Madam Bald-Pate his Wife. He has been able to raise no less than three hundred Crowns, when even so many Apples wou'd be thought an extraordinary Present from a Goatberd. He may possibly have been exposed in the same Manner as was Chloe, and found by Lamon just as I found her, with such like Tokens of his Birth to be produced upon Occasion. Grant, O most Mighty Pan, and ye propitious Nymyhs, that what I now suspect may be true, that Daphnis being in due Time acknowledged by his real Parents, may be a Means of Chloe's being known to her's also. With these Thoughts and Wishes Dryas went jogging on 'till he came back to his own Barn, where Daphnis fate impatient for his Return, that he might know his Destiny. Dryas rejoiced his Heart, by saluting him at a great Distance by the Name of Son-in-law, and solemnly promising him that they shou'd assuredly be marry'd the next Autumn; in Con-  
firma-

firmation whereof, he gave him his Hand, swearing that *Chloe* should have no other Husband but *Daphnis*. *Daphnis* was so exalted at these happy Tidings, that without staying so much as to eat or drink with them, away he ran as fast as his Legs wou'd carry him to *Chloe*, whom he found milking her Ewes, and acquainted her with the joyful Tidings of their future Nuptials; in Confidence of which he now made no Scruple of Kissing her openly, and in the Face of the World, whom he wou'd have to consider her as his future Spouse; as such he behav'd himself towards her, assisting her in all her Occasions. When their Work was done, they walk'd together in the Fields, which abounded with ripen'd Fruits, for it had been a plentiful Year, affording great Store both of Apples and Pears, some already fallen off the Trees, and others ready to quit the Branches. They that hung lowermost had the better Savour, but those on high were



were the most refreshing, the one tasted like rich Wine, and the other shined like Gold. As they were roving in this Manner up and down, they at last came to a Tree whose Apples were all gather'd, so it was without Leaves or Fruit, only there was one Apple remaining upon the topmost Branch, of an extraordinary Size and Beauty, and was left there only because he, that had the gathering of the rest, durst nor venture his Neck by climbing up so high, and did not think it worth his while to throw at it and knock it down; so that it look'd as if the Gods had designedly reserv'd the most beautiful of Fruits for the most amorous of Shepherds. *Daphnis* had no sooner set his Eyes upon it, but without more ado he was for gathering it. *Chloe* endeavour'd to persuade him from it, but it was to no Purpose; so that not having the Heart to be by and see him tumble, as she expected he wou'd necessarily do, away she ran to the Pastures

stures where their Flocks were  
 grazing, whilst *Daphnis* mounting  
 with great Agility to the very Top,  
 gather'd the Apple, and carry'd it  
 to her; but perceiving her a little  
 out of Humour, " My Love, said he,  
 " this most beautiful Apple, produced  
 " in a kindly Season on a fair Tree,  
 " nourish'd and ripen'd by the ge-  
 " nerosus Sun, is by good Fortune  
 " reserv'd for the most beautiful  
 " Shepherdess. I shou'd have been  
 " blinder than a Beetle, had I suf-  
 " fer'd it to hang 'till it fell of it  
 " self to the Ground, to have been  
 " trampled on by Beasts, poison'd  
 " by Serpents, or lain there 'till it  
 " was rotten. The golden Apple  
 " was heretofore adjudged to *Ve-*  
 " *nus*, in respect to her superior  
 " Beauty, and I make a Present of  
 " this to Thee, as to the most beau-  
 " tiful of thy Sex. *Paris* was, and  
 " I am now, both Judge and Wit-  
 " ness; he was a Shepherd, I am a  
 " Goatherd." With this he threw  
 the Apple into her Bosom, and she  
 closing

closing with him, kiss'd him so favourly, that he thought his Reward far exceeded even the Golden Apple it self.



THE





THE  
Pastoral Amours  
OF  
DAPHNIS *and* CHLOE.

---

BOOK *the* FOURTH.

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ABOUT this time arriv'd  
from *Mytilene* a Servant  
belonging to *Lamon's* Ma-  
ster, acquainting him, that  
their common Lord wou'd be with  
him before Vintage, to see if the  
*Mathymnians* had committed any  
Waste upon his Lands. This News  
O made

made *Lamon* bestir himself, for the Summer Season was just ready to give Place to the Autumn. He set out his House in the best manner he was able for his Master's Accommodation. He cleans'd his Fountains, that the Water might be clear and sweet; he removed the Dunghill out of the Court-yard, that the stench might not be offensive; he took care to make his Orchard agreeable and entertaining. It is true this Orchard was of it self a very charming piece of Ground, coming little short of those that belong to Royal, or Princely Palaces. It was something more than a Quarter of a League long, and about Four Acres over. It look'd at first sight rather like an open Field, than an Inclosure. It abounded with all sorts of Fruit-Trees, with Apples, Pears, Mulberries, Pomegranates, Figs, Oranges, and Olives. Round the Apple and Pear-Trees twisted the Vine, whose Grapes were then beginning to turn, and seem'd to  
 evy

vey which Fruit should become the most excellent. In another Part were the Ever-Greens planted, such as the Lawrel, Plantain, and Cyprus, round which clung the Ivy, whose plump Berries were growing Black, and seem'd to mimick the Grape. The Fruit-bearing Trees stood all in the Centre, as for their better Security, and the Ever-Greens round them, like an Inclosure, in the Skirts or Borders, the whole being fenced with a thick Quickset. Every thing was laid out with the utmost exactness. The Trees were planted at a proper distance from each other, but the Boughs met, and mingled in such a manner, as to form a continued Arbour. Among other things there were several Beds of Flowers, some of which were produced by Nature, and others rais'd by Art. The Rose, the Pink, and Lilly were rais'd; the Violet, the Daisie, and Daffodil were spontaneous. The Spring afforded Flowers, the Sum-



mer Shade, and the Autumn abounded in Pleasures without Number; nor did ever any of the Fruits fail in their proper Seasons. It had an open Prospect to all the adjacent Country abounding with Flocks, and Herds grazing in their several Pastures. The Sea was in view at a proper Distance, and whatever moved to and fro upon it, which indeed was one of the best Entertainments in the Orchard. In the very middle of all was a Temple and Altar dedicated to *Bacchus*. The Altar was adorn'd with Ivy, and the Temple cover'd with Vines. Within it were to be seen, described in Paint, the several Stories relating to *Bacchus*; there was *Semele* in Labour, *Ariadne* asleep, *Lycurgus* bound, *Pentheus* torn piece-meal, the *Indians* vanquish'd, and the *Tyrrenians* transform'd into Dolphins; throughout the *Groupe* appear'd Satyrs, and Bachanals a dancing. Nor was *Pan* forgotten by the Artist, who had placed him on a Rock playing

playing on his Pipe in such an Attitude, as if it was to direct the Steps of the dancing Bachanals, and entertain the Ears of the Assistants.

*Lamon* was not wanting with his Care to improve these Advantages both of Art and Nature. He lop'd, at the proper Season, the dry and dying Branches; he prop'd the Vines, and crown'd the Head of *Bacchus* with fresh Garlands, and contriv'd Canals to conduct the Water from the Fountain to the Beds of Flowers; for *Daphnis* had by chance discover'd a Spring, which serv'd to water the Flowers, and it was called the Fountain of *Daphnis*. *Lamon* had in an especial manner given him in Charge to fatten his Goats as much as possible, because he was sure his Lord would take a particular view of them, it being so long since last he saw them. But there was no need of giving this Injunction to *Daphnis*, nor did he doubt of his Lord's Approbation. For the Flock had receiv'd a

threefold Increase under his Hands; the Wolf had not rob'd him so much as of one Goat, or Kid, and they were every one of them more plump and fat than Sheep. However, that his Lord might the more easily be persuaded to permit him to marry according to his Heart's desire, he did all he could to make them still fatter. He drove them into the Fields early in the Morning, and tended them there constantly 'till it grew late in the Evening; he water'd them twice a-day, and chose out the richest Pasture for them. Besides this, he provided himself with new Pastoral Implements, larger and more commodious, and took such particular care of his Goats, anointing their Horns to make them shine, and combing their Hair to make it look smooth, that to see it one wou'd swear his Flock was the Flock of the very God *Pan* himself. *Chloe* was a sharer with him in all his Labours, bestowing more of her time upon his



his Flock than her own; and *Daphnis* fancy'd his Goats look'd the more handsome, because she had a Hand in making them so. Whilst they were thus employ'd, came a second Messenger from the City, with Orders for them to begin the Vintage as soon as possible; telling them he was directed to continue upon the Place 'till the Wine was tun'd, and then to carry word back to his Master. They all vied with each other who shou'd make this Messenger the most welcome. His Name was *Endromus*, being so call'd from his Office, for he was a running Footman, bound to go wherever his Master was pleased to send him. In the mean time all Hands were at work, so that in a very few Days the Wine was pressed and tun'd. However they saved several Bunches of the fairest Grapes hanging on their Stalks, which they intended for Presents to those from the City, that they might have some Relish of the Pleasures of the Vintage,

tage, and fancy themselves to have been present at it. When *Endromus* was upon his Return to Town, *Daphnis* made him many Presents of such things as became a Goat-herd to bestow: Among the rest there were several sorts of Cheese, a little Kid, and a Goat-Skin white and long-hair'd, to wear when he should be sent abroad in the Winter. These Presents were all acceptable to the Footman, who saluted *Daphnis*, told him he would be sure to give a favourable Character of him to his Master, and so return'd very well pleas'd with his Entertainment. *Daphnis* then turn'd all his care to his Flock, full of Doubts and Anxiety, in all which *Chloe* was a Partaker: She consider'd *Daphnis* was a raw Youth, who had never seen any thing but his Goats, the Hills where they fed, his Fellow Villagers, and *Chloe*; and yet he was shortly to see his Master, on whom he had never set Eyes before, nor so much as heard his Name 'till then;

then; and how will he behave himself when he is to speak to this Master? But what stuck most with her was their promis'd Marriage, which she was afraid might vanish like a Vision. Under these Thoughts and Apprehensions, their Kisses were usually mingled with Cares; and when they embraced, it was with fear and disquietude, as if their Master was then actually Present, or had made some unseasonable Discovery. But as if all this would not perplex them enough, another Misfortune befel them. There liv'd hard by a Cowherd called *Lapes*, an ill Man, over-bearing and presumptuous: This Fellow had been one of *Chloe's* Pretenders, and having smelt it out that she was to be marry'd to *Daphnis*, provided the Master would give his Consent, he studied what was to be done to incense him against them; and knowing he took a particular Delight in his Garden, he bethought himself how to lay it waste, and deface it.

If



If he went to cut down the Trees, he knew he shou'd be in Danger of being discover'd, for the Noise of his Ax wou'd betray him. That therefore wou'd not do, so he resolv'd to damage and spoil his Flower-beds; accordingly, watching his Opportunity when it was dark, he got over the Hedge, and like a wild Boar rooted up, crop'd, and trampled upon every Flower-bed in the Garden, and then return'd without being perceived by any one. Next Morning *Lamon* going to Water his Garden, was astonish'd, and at his Wits End, when he beheld the Havock and Destruction that had been made. He rent his Jacket, tore his Hair, and made such a loud Out-cry, as amaz'd both *Myrtala*, who was in the House, and *Daphnis* as he was conducting his Flock to the Pasture. They both ran full Speed to him, and seeing the terrible Wreck before them, they bawl'd as loud, and wept as heartily as *Lamon*; and Reason  
good

good there was for them to take on in the Manner they did, who were to answer for it to their Master, since it wou'd have griev'd a Stranger to have seen so charming a Spot ravish'd of all its Beauty, and the very Soil itself turn'd topsyturvy, only here and there a Bit remain'd untouch'd, as if on Purpose to give the Beholder an Idea how delicious a Place it was before the curs'd Hand of Envy had thus demolish'd it. The Bees continued to flutter round it, humming, and as it were, lamenting the Defolation; whilst *Lamon*, so soon as his Grief wou'd give him Leave, express'd himself in this Manner. " Alas! " how are my poor Violets trampled under Feet! my Pinks and " Roses pluck'd up by the Roots: " Confusion light on the Hand that " has done me this Mischief. The " Spring will return; so will not " my Flowers: The Summer will " succeed; to what Purpose? when " Autumn comes, I shan't have " Flowers

“ Flowers enough to make so much  
 “ as one Nosegay: And thou, O  
 “ *Bacchus*, hadst thou no Compassion  
 “ for these Flowers, of which  
 “ I so often made thee Garlands,  
 “ planted as they were so near thee,  
 “ and destroy’d even in thy Presence!  
 “ with what Face shall I be  
 “ able to shew my Master this Orchard?  
 “ what will he say to me,  
 “ when he sees what has been  
 “ doing? will he not order this poor  
 “ old Wretch to be hang’d like  
 “ *Marsyas* upon one of those Pines?  
 “ and who knows but *Daphnis*  
 “ will have the same Fate, upon a  
 “ Supposition that he has been as  
 “ careless of his Flock?” These  
 Reflections set ’em all three weeping  
 more bitterly; for now they  
 were not only in Pain for the Garden,  
 but their own Persons. *Chloe*  
 lamented her dearest *Daphnis* with  
 the same Concern as if the Rope  
 had been about his Neck, and in-  
 treated the Gods that this Master  
 of theirs, whose Presence they so  
 ear-



earnestly long'd for before, might never come ; the Days now seem'd long and irksome, for she fancy'd every Minute she beheld 'em whipping and tormenting her beloved *Daphnis*. In the Evening arriv'd *Endromus*, with the News, that their old Master wou'd be with him in three Days, and that his Son wou'd be there the next Morning. This put them upon contriving what was fittest to be done, upon so pressing an Emergency, and they made *Endromus*, whom *Daphnis* had before brib'd to be in his Interest, one of their Cabinet. *Endromus* his Advice was, to make their young Master acquainted with what had pass'd, promising them his Interest, which was not small, for the young Gentleman and he were Foster-Brothers. And it was accordingly resolv'd that this Advice should be taken. The next Day *Astyhus*, for that was the young Gentleman's Name, arriv'd, being accompany'd by a sort of Buffoon

P. call'd

call'd *Gnatho*, whom he carry'd up and down with him, on Purpose for his Diversion. *Astyus* his Beard just began to down, and this *Gnatho* was his Shaver. So soon as this young Gentleman was arriv'd, *Lamon*, *Myrtala* and *Daphnis* threw themselves at his Feet, implor'd his Intercession with his Father, in Behalf of the old Man, and told him what had happen'd to them.

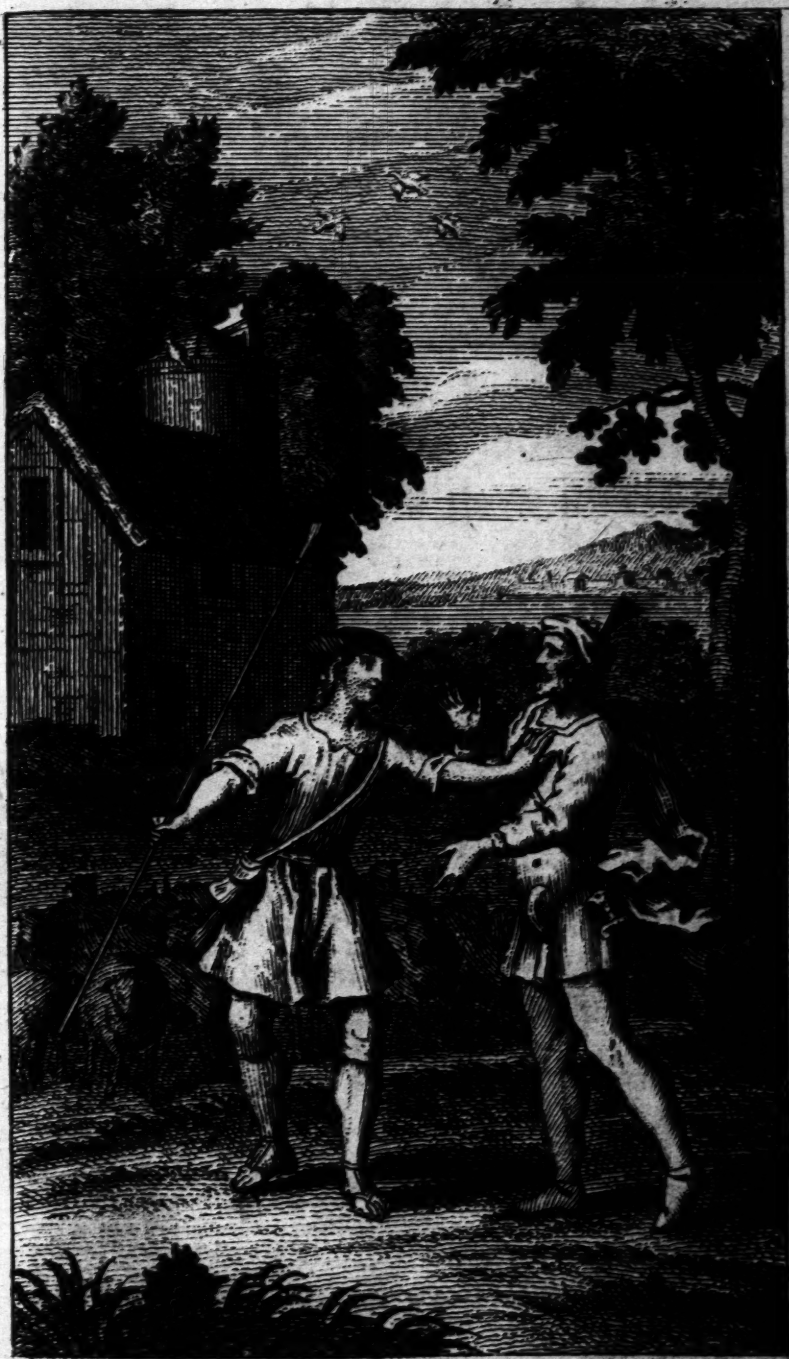
*Astyus* was mov'd with the Story, and going into the Orchard, where he observ'd the Havock that had been made, he undertook to save them harmless, and take all the Blame upon himself, by persuading his Father that his Horses had broken loose, and destroy'd the most beautiful Part in all the Garden.

*Lamon* and *Daphnis* were charm'd with this unexpected Generosity, and in Return besought the Gods to grant him whatever he had a mind for. But *Daphnis* over and above made him several rare Presents of Kids, Cheese, Birds with their

their young Ones, Bunches of Grapes and Apples still hanging upon their Stalks, to all which he added some new Wine of *Metyline*, which was the most acceptable to *Astylus*; who, 'till his Father arriv'd, diverted himself in coursing, or other Diversions at best suiting with a young Gentleman of a good Family, who had nothing to do, but to follow his Pleasures, and was come into the Country for that Purpose. In the mean time *Gnatbo*, who was a perfect Glutton, minded nothing but eating and drinking, which he wou'd do to that Excess, as to intoxicate himself. This Fellow having observ'd *Daphnis* when he made his Presents, was smitten with him; for as he had by Nature a vicious Inclination to Boys, he thought he perceiv'd in *Daphnis* something more exquisite than he had ever been sensible of even in the City; so that there was no more to do than to get acquainted with him, and the Business he conceiv'd wou'd



be easily brought about. Having thus laid his Design, he excus'd himself from going a hunting with *Astylus*, instead of which he accompany'd *Daphnis* into the Fields, upon a Pretence forsooth to see the Goats graze, but it was in Reality for the Sake of the Goatherd. In order to gain him to his Ends, he first took an Opportunity of commending the good Plight of his Goats, then he pray'd him to give him some pastoral Tunes upon his Pipe, promising in short that he wou'd be a Means of getting him his Freedom, of which he might be assured, from his Interest and Credit with his Master; and when he found the Youth easy and pliant, and ready to do whatever he wou'd have him, he watch'd his Opportunity as he was coming home in the Dusk of the Evening, and running upon him, he first kiss'd him, and then desir'd he might cover him as the Male Goat does the Female. *Daphnis* was a long Time before







before he cou'd understand what he wou'd be at, but at last told him he never yet knew one He-Goat top another, nor a Ram bestride a Ram, or a Cock mount a Cock, instead of covering an Ewe, or treading a Pullet. Notwithstanding this, *Gnatbo* laid his Hand upon his Collar, with an intent to force him, 'till *Daphnis* gave him such a smart Rebuff, that, as he was so drunk before as to be hardly able to keep his Legs, he laid him flat upon the Ground, and went his way, leaving him to lye at his Length 'till some one came to give him a Lift. From this Time forward *Daphnis* took Care to avoid him, and fed his Flock sometimes at one Place, and sometimes at another, shunning *Gnatbo* with the same Earnestness as he sought after *Chloe*; and *Gnatbo*, for his Part, follow'd *Daphnis* no more, finding him to be a Youth very boisterous and untoward. He comforted himself up with the Hopes that he shou'd easily

persuade *Astyhus* to make him a Present of him, depending much upon his Power with the young Gentleman. But he had no Opportunity of moving this to him for the present, because *Dionysophanes* (for so the Father was called) and his Wife *Clearista* arriv'd in the Nick of Time, and with their numerous Retinue made a very great Hurly Burly. Tho' *Diomyfophanes* was inclining to be grey, yet he was jolly and robust, and able to make his Party good with the youngest, and was besides one of the most wealthy Men in the City. The first Day he arriv'd he sacrificed to all the rural Deities; to *Ceres*, *Bacchus*, *Pan* and the Nymphs, and made a Feast to entertain the whole Family. The Days following he employ'd in visiting *Lamon's* Husbandry, and seeing the good Heart the Land was in, that the Vines were well cultivated, and the Orchard in a thriving Condition (for *Astyhus* had made good his Promise, and

and taken upon himself the Damage done to the Flower-Garden ) he commended *Lamon* for his Diligence, and told him he shou'd e're long receive his Liberty for his Reward. After this he had a mind to visit the Goats, and the Goatherd that kept them. As for *Chloë*, she was both afraid and asham'd at the Sight of so much Company as were coming towards them; wherefore she went and hid her self in the Wood, whilst *Daphnis*, without stirring, waited their coming, and presented himself to his Master; he had upon his Back a Goat's Skin with long Hair, and a Scrip hanging at his Side. In one Hand he had two new-made Cheeses, and held with the other a Couple of sucking Kids. Thus accout'red he look'd so beautiful, that if ever (as it is reported) *Apollo* kept *Laomedon's* Cattle, he was just such a One as *Daphnis*; who, for his Part, spoke not a Word, but bowing himself low before his Master, made him  
an



an Offering of his Presents. When that was done, *Lamon* said to his Master, " This, Sir, is your Goat-herd: You at first committed to my Charge no more than two Males, and fifty Females, which Number he has argmented to a Hundred of the one, and ten of the other. Be pleased to observe how fat and sleek they are, and that all their Horns are smooth and unbroken. He has so accustomed them to his Musick, that they do every thing he wou'd have them at the Sound of his Pipe." *Clearista*, who was present, being desirous to have a Proof of the Goatherd's Skill, and Docility of his Goats, commanded him to play upon his Pipe, in the manner he used to do when he had a mind to be obey'd, promising him, if she liked his Performance, to give him a Jacket, a Cloak, and a new Pair of Shoes. Whereupon *Daphnis*, placing himself under the Bench, with the Company circled in

in a Ring around him, took his Pipe out of his Scrip, and begun first by founding gently, which caus'd all his Goats to lift up their Heads at once; then he piped the Tune, which used to be a Signal for their feeding, whereupon, turning their Noses to the Ground they fell all a grazing: Then he breathed a soft and gentle Air, which made them repose upon the Pasture, 'till on a sudden roused with Notes more shrill and piercing, they fled away to the Woods, and hid themselves, as if the Wolf had been in View. Then he founded a Recall, which immediately brought them back, and laid them at his Feet. No Slave cou'd be more at the Command of his Master's Voice, than they were at the Sound of his Flute: at which all the Spectators were highly delighted, and no one more than *Clearista*, who solemnly engaged herself to make good her Promise to the Swain, who had obliged her with so agreeable an

Enter-

Entertainment. So soon as they were return'd home they went to Supper, and took Care to send to *Daphnis* Part of whatever was served up to Table, on which he and *Chloe* feasted, and regaled themselves with Dainties they had never tasted before, drest after the manner of the City; which was season'd with the Hopes they had conceiv'd of being marry'd in a short time, with the Consent and Approbation of their respective Masters. In the mean time *Gnatho* grew more and more in love with *Daphnis*, and concluding in his own Mind, that he should never be himself again 'till he had gain'd his Ends upon him, apply'd himself to *Astylus*, whom he found walking in the Orchard, and drawing him into the Chappel of *Bacchus*, he kiss'd his Hands, and threw himself at his Feet; which made *Astylus* enquire of him what he meant by it, and what it was he wanted. " My  
 " Lord, said he, poor *Gnatho* is  
 " e'en



“ e’en at Death’s Door : ’Till now  
 “ he never delighted in any thing  
 “ but good Bits ; nor was there  
 “ ought so delicious as a Glafs of  
 “ sound old Wine ; so that your  
 “ Cooks and Butlers were more  
 “ charming in his Eyes, than all  
 “ the Beauties of *Mytilene*. But,  
 “ alas ! now every thing has lost  
 “ its relish, and nothing will down  
 “ but *Daphnis*, so that he had ra-  
 “ ther be a Goat and browse upon  
 “ the green Leaves and Grass,  
 “ provided he may hear the  
 “ Flute, and be under the Eye of  
 “ that beautiful Goatherd, than  
 “ feed upon the most exquisite  
 “ Dishes that ever cover’d your Ta-  
 “ ble. If you have a mind to save  
 “ my Life, put me in Possession of  
 “ what I love : Otherwise, I swear  
 “ by the Death of *Gnatho*, that I  
 “ will first go stuff my Paunch, and  
 “ then hang my self up at *Daph-*  
 “ *nis’s* Door, and What will you  
 “ do then for your Darling ? The  
 young Gentleman, who was natu-  
 rally

rally tender-hearted, cou'd not endure to see *Gnatbo* take on at that Rate, but took him up, and considering this as the pure Effects of disastrous Love, he promis'd to demand *Daphnis* for him of his Father; and that he should take him with him into the City. At the same time he ask'd him, to teize him a little, if he was not asham'd to beslabber the Cub of such a Bear as *Lamon*, and what Satisfaction it wou'd be to him to have a young Goatherd for his Bedfellow? At these Words he made a wry Face, and held his Nose as if a rank Goat had been at his Nostrils. But *Gnatbo*, who was no Stranger to the wanton Discourses that often pass at the Tables of the Luxurious, told him, " That a  
 " Man who was naturally amorous  
 " lov'd every Subject where Beau-  
 " ty was the Object; else why are  
 " there so many that place their  
 " Love on a Tree, a River, or a  
 " Beast. It is true, continu'd he,  
 " I

“ I am in love with a Slave, but  
 “ that Slave is Master of a free and  
 “ noble Beauty. Do but behold  
 “ what graceful Locks he has! how  
 “ from under his jetty Brows his  
 “ Eyes shine, and sparkle like Dia-  
 “ monds set by the most curious  
 “ Workman! with what white Ivo-  
 “ ry Teeth is his Mouth furnished?  
 “ Who is there so stupid, so dead  
 “ cold to Love, as not to long im-  
 “ patiently to kiss it? What if I  
 “ have settled my Affections upon  
 “ a Shepherd? Have I not the Gods  
 “ themselves for my Examples? *An-*  
 “ *chises* was a Cowherd, and yet  
 “ *Venus* chose him for her Para-  
 “ mour. Tho’ *Ganimede* was but  
 “ a Shepherd’s Boy, *Jupiter* was  
 “ not asham’d to hoist him up into  
 “ Heaven for his private Pleasure.  
 “ Let us not therefore despise this  
 “ Youth, to whom his very Goats  
 “ are so obedient, but be thankful  
 “ to *Jove’s* Eagles for suffering him  
 “ to continue here below among us.  
*Astylus* could forbear no longer,

Q

but



but, bursting out into a Laughter, told *Gnatho*, he found Love had made him very Rhetorical; however, continued he, "I will, with the first Opportunity, move this Affair to my Father."

THIS Conversation between *Astylus* and *Gnatho* was not carry'd on so secretly but *Endromus* overheard it all; and being vexed to the Heart to think so beautiful a Youth should be thrown away upon such a Sot and Glutton as *Gnatho*, and be a Sacrifice to his beastly Desires, he went immediately, and discover'd all that had past to *Lamon*. *Daphnis* was so Thunderstruck with the News, that he thought of nothing else but running away with *Chloe*, or rather dying, if she had the Courage to dye with him. But *Lamon* beckoning his Wife *Myrtala* to follow him out of the Court told her at once, "Wife, said he, we are undone. It is now high time for us to discover, in spite of our Teeth, what  
" we

“ we have hitherto kept as a pro-  
 “ found a Secret. The poor Goats  
 “ are going to be abandon’d and for-  
 “ faken, and so are we too; but by  
 “ the great God *Pan* I swear, and by  
 “ the Nymphs, tho’ I dye for it, I will  
 “ no longer conceal *Daphnis* his  
 “ Fortune, but will give a full and  
 “ plain Account how I found him,  
 “ and what I found with him; that  
 “ the Varlet *Gnatbo* at least may  
 “ know what sort of a Person, like  
 “ a Knave as he is, he is going to  
 “ ruin; do you only be ready to  
 “ produce, upon Occasion, the Jew-  
 “ els, and other Tokens that may  
 “ serve for a Discovery. When  
 he had said this they both return’d  
 in a-doors, where *Astylus* had been  
 just asking his Father’s Permission  
 to carry *Daphnis* with him to  
 Town, alledging what pity it was  
 to condemn so promising a Youth  
 to a Country Life, and that *Gna-  
 tho* wou’d soon give him the neces-  
 sary Qualifications, and fit him for  
 his Service in the City. This Re-

quest was readily granted by the Father, who sent for *Lamon* and his Wife, and thought it wou'd be joyful News to them to hear that *Daphnis*, instead of tending the Flock, shou'd for the future serve his Son in the City, and that he wou'd give them two other Goat-herds in Lieu of him. Hereupon *Lamon*, whilst all the rest of the Servants seem'd pleas'd that they were to have *Daphnis* for their Fellow and Companion, beseech'd his Master that he might have leave to speak; which being readily granted him, " I entreat you, Sir, said  
 " he, to hear a short Truth from  
 " a poor old Man, and I most solemnly swear by the Nymphs, and  
 " *Pan*, that every Word I say shall  
 " be true. I am not the Father of  
 " *Daphnis*, nor is my Wife so happy as to be the Mother of so beautiful an Offspring, who was exposed by his Father, and Mother,  
 " whoever they were, perhaps because their Family was sufficient-  
 " ently



“ ently stockt before he was born:  
 “ It was my Fortune to find him,  
 “ abandon’d as he was, and suck-  
 “ led by one of my Goats, which  
 “ I suffer’d to dye a natural Death,  
 “ and interr’d her in my Orchard,  
 “ for that she had acted the Part  
 “ of a Mother to the helpless In-  
 “ fant. At the same time I found  
 “ some Jewels which were ex-  
 “ pos’d with him, perhaps to serve  
 “ in time as a Token of his Birth  
 “ and Fortune; this I confess, and  
 “ have them ready to produce,  
 “ whereby it will appear that he is  
 “ of higher Birth than has been hi-  
 “ therto imagined. However, I  
 “ am not in the least offended to  
 “ see him placed under your Son  
 “ *Astyus*; a Service in so good a  
 “ Family wou’d be advantagious  
 “ and honourable; but I cannot  
 “ think of having him carry’d to  
 “ the City, in order to be prostit-  
 “ uted to the filthy Lust of the  
 “ Villain *Gnatbo*, who wants him  
 “ there only to abuse him, by mak-

“ing a sort of Woman of him. *Lamon* having made this Discovery held his Tongue, but wept grievously, whilst honest *Gnatbo* fell into a Passion, and threatned to beat him; but *Dionysophanes*, astonished at what he had heard, silenced *Gnatbo* with a Frown, and adjured *Lamon* to speak nothing but the Truth, and not trump up a Parcel of Lies on purpose to retain *Daphnis*. Upon this *Lamon*, without Hesitation, renew'd his Oath, and swore by all the Gods, that every Syllable he had utter'd was true, and told his Master that if he pleased to inform himself, he wou'd find he was no Lyar. Then *Dionysophanes*, having his Lady sitting close by him, began to consider with himself the Purport of *Lamon's* Discovery. What End can he have in raising such a Story? Instead of one Goatherd I have offer'd him two: It is hardly possible for such a Bumpkin to be able to invent so Romantick an Adventure; nor indeed

indeed does the Youth look as if he was the Issue of such a Couple as *Lamon* and *Myrtala*: There is no more to be said; let us examine if the Tokens will denote a more illustrious Parentage: Upon this *Myrtala* tumbled them out of an old Sack, where she had long concealed them; and *Dionysophanes* had no sooner set his Eyes upon them, but he exclaimed aloud, and calling his Wife to view them she joined with him in the Exclamation. “ O ye fatal  
 “ Powers! said she, are not these  
 “ the very things we gave *Sophrone*  
 “ *ne* with our Infant Son, when  
 “ we order’d her to expose him!  
 “ It is certainly so; *Daphnis* is ours,  
 “ and has hitherto been his own Father’s Goatherd. At these Words they both shed a Flood of Tears, and kiss’d with Ecstasie those Tokens of Discovery. *Astylus* no sooner heard what had pass’d, but flinging off his Robe, he skipt away as fast as he was able into the Fields,



Fields, to be the first shou'd kiss his Brother *Daphnis*. But *Daphnis* seeing him hastening towards him, with a Crowd at his Heels threw away his Pipe and Scrip, and fled with all his main towards the Sea, with a Resolution to leap into it off a Rock, upon an Assurance that they were come to carry him by Force into the City; and in all likelihood he had effected what he intended, and so had been no sooner found than lost, had not *Astylos*, who perceiv'd his Mistake, cry'd out to him from afar, "Stay *Daph-*  
 " *nis*, Stay! be not afraid of me,  
 " I am thy Brother; Thou art  
 " acknowledg'd to be the Son of  
 " those, to whom thou thought'st  
 " thy self a Slave. *Lamon* has been  
 " recounting to us how thou wert  
 " foster'd by a Goat; and produ-  
 " ced those Tokens by which thy  
 " Birth has been discover'd: Do  
 " but turn back, and see how we  
 " are all hastening towards thee  
 " with the open Arms of Friend-  
 ship;

“ ship; turn, I beseech thee, and  
 “ let me have the Pleasure of be-  
 “ ing the first to salute thee. I  
 “ swear to thee by the Nymphs,  
 “ that what I have said is as true as  
 “ the Oracle.

THIS solemn Affelevation cau-  
 sed *Daphnis* to stop, and wait for  
*Astyus*, who fled with open Arms  
 to him, embraced and kiss'd him.  
 In the mean time all the Servants  
 of the Household, both Men and  
 Maids, his Father and Mother  
 themselves were come up to him,  
 embraced him, kiss'd him, and wept  
 for Joy; whilst he for his Part  
 return'd the Compliment; beha-  
 ved himself so to his Parents as if  
 he had been known to them for  
 a long time, and embraced them  
 with such an eager Tenderness as  
 if he was unwilling to quit his Hold;  
 so transported was he at the Disco-  
 very of his Birth, that in the height  
 of his Transports he had almost for-  
 got even *Chloe*. They conducted him  
 back to the House, where they  
 prepared

prepared for him new Cloaths, and when he had drest himself in a Habit suitable to his Fortune, they placed him next his Father, who address'd himself to *Daphnis* and his Brother in the following manner.

“ My Children, said he, I was  
 “ marry'd very young, and soon  
 “ became a happy Father; for so  
 “ I thought my self at that time.  
 “ The first Child my Wife bore  
 “ me was a Son, the second a  
 “ Daughter, and the third *Astylos*.  
 “ I then began to think I had Stock  
 “ enough in those three, and there-  
 “ fore caus'd this my fourth to be  
 “ expos'd in his Swadling-Cloaths,  
 “ with those things that have now  
 “ prov'd the means of his Discove-  
 “ ry; tho' it was not for that In-  
 “ tent I expos'd them with him,  
 “ but that whoever had the For-  
 “ tune to find him shou'd have  
 “ wherewithal to bury him. But  
 “ Fortune has dispos'd otherwise,  
 “ for my eldest Son and my Daugh-  
 “ ter dyed both on the same Day,  
 “ of



“ of the same Distemper; and thou  
 “ my Son hast, by the good Provi-  
 “ dence of the Gods, been preserved;  
 “ to the End I may have a double  
 “ Support now in my old Age.  
 “ Do not thou therefore, my Son  
 “ *Daphnis*, I beseech thee, con-  
 “ ceive any Displeasure against me  
 “ for exposing thee; and thou *Asty-*  
 “ *lus*, be not offended for that  
 “ thou wilt be now called only to  
 “ a Moiety of that which thou once  
 “ didst think wou’d be all thy own;  
 “ for if thou dost consider rightly,  
 “ thou wilt find that the best Inhe-  
 “ ritage in the World is not equal  
 “ to a loving Brother: Do but love  
 “ one the other, and you will find  
 “ there is enough for both; enough  
 “ to make you number’d among  
 “ the most wealthy in all these Parts.  
 “ I shall leave between you large  
 “ Possessions, and a Multitude of  
 “ Slaves, who are all skilled in some  
 “ Art or other, and can thereby  
 “ furnish you with whatever the  
 “ World thinks contributes to the  
 “ Happi-

“ Happiness of Mankind. But it  
 “ is my will, that *Daphnis* shou’d  
 “ have this Farm in Particular, as  
 “ Part of his Inheritance; and that  
 “ *Lamon* and *Myrtala* shou’d be His,  
 “ as likewise the Flock he has so  
 “ often attended to the Pastures.  
 At these Words, *Daphnis* falling at  
 his Feet, “ You remind me well, Sir,  
 “ said he, I must go see my Goats  
 “ drink, they are dying of Thirst, and  
 “ wait for the Signal of my Flute,  
 “ whilst I stand loitering here. This  
 made all the Company burst out in-  
 to a loud Laugh, when they saw  
*Daphnis*, who was now become  
 Master, considering himself still as  
 a Slave; however another was dis-  
 patch’d to look after the Goats,  
 whilst they prepared a Festival and  
 Sacrifice in Honour of *Jupiter the*  
*Saviour*. *Gnatbo* was the only Per-  
 son who dared not appear at the  
 Banquet. His Dread of *Daphnis*  
 whom he knew he had offended,  
 made him fly to the Temple of *Bac-*  
*chus*, where he lay hid all the Day,  
 sticking

sticking close to the Altar as for Protection. By this time it was noised abroad that *Dionysophanes* had found a Son, whom he thought dead, and that *Daphnis* the Goat-herd was the Person, and was by that means become Master of his Flock, and of the whole Inheritance. Upon this Occasion all the Peasants came far and near, some to wish him Joy, and others to offer their Present to his Father. The first who presented himself among the rest was *Dryas*, *Chloe's* Foster-Father. *Dionysophanes* retain'd them all, and invited them to the Festival, having for that Purpose provided good Store of Bread, Wine, wild Fowl, sucking Pigs, and Sheep, which he had sacrificed to the Gods, the Patrons and Protectors of the Country. *Daphnis* on the other Hand gather'd up all the Instruments he had imploy'd when he tended his Flock, and distributed them as Offerings among the Deities. In the first Place, his Scrip

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and Goat-Skin he dedicated to *Bacchus*, his Flute to *Pan*, and his Crook to the Nymphs; his Tears burst from him at every Offering; so much more engaging is that Condition, how low soever it be, to which we are accustomed, than a more exalted State, before we become habituated to it. *Daphnis* cou'd not part with his Goat-Skin Coat before he had put it on once more for the last time; nor his Flute, before he had play'd his farewell Tune upon it. From every Offering, as he made it, he took a parting Kiss, and bid his Goats adieu; calling the Males by the Names he had imposed upon them. He often wish'd to steal off in private, to go with *Chloe*, and drink out of the Fountain; for as yet he dared not discover his Love, but waited for a more favourable Opportunity. In the mean time, whilst *Daphnis* was busied in these Oblations and Sacrifices, *Chloe* was engag'd in the following Adventure. As the dis-

consolate

conſolate Virgin was tending her  
 Flock, alone in the Field, ſhe ſate  
 herſelf down, and wept bitterly,  
 expreſſing herſelf in Terms that  
 well became the Mouth of an un-  
 fortunate Shepherdess, upon ſuch  
 an Occaſion. “ Alas ! ſaid ſhe,  
 “ *Daphnis* has forgot me, he is  
 “ now ſeeking out for ſome more  
 “ advantageous Bargain ! What ſig-  
 “ nify’d my making him ſwear by  
 “ his Goats inſtead of the Nymphs ?  
 “ He has forſaken his Goats as well  
 “ as Me, and never deſired to ſee  
 “ *Chloe* when he was ſacrificing to  
 “ *Pan* and the Deities. Perhaps  
 “ he has choſen one more beau-  
 “ tiful than Me among his Mo-  
 “ ther’s Handmaids. And I be-  
 “ ſeech the Gods to make him  
 “ happy in her. For me, there is  
 “ nothing left to do, but by my  
 “ Death to convince Him and the  
 “ World of my Conſtancy. Whiſt  
*Chloe* was thus employing herſelf,  
 the Cowherd *Lapes*, being aſſiſted  
 by ſome other Peaſants of the Vil-

lage, came suddenly upon her, and bore her off by Force, imagining that now *Daphnis* wou'd think no more of her, and that *Dryas* wou'd readily give him his Consent to marry her. The poor Girl scream'd aloud as they were carrying her off, and some one observing the Violence they were offering her, ran immediately to acquaint *Napea* with it; *Napea* instantly made a Discovery of it to *Dryas*, and *Dryas* the same Moment told it *Daphnis*, who was almost at his Wits Ends when he heard it. Tho' he was unable to support so barbarous an Outrage, he dared not discover it to his Father. In this Excess of Grief he withdrew into the Orchard, where he walk'd alone like one distemper'd, and vented his Passion in the following manner. "How  
 " curst am I in having found my Pa-  
 " rents ! Alas ! How much better  
 " had it been for me had I still conti-  
 " nued a Shepherd. The Condition  
 " of a Slave was to me infinitely  
 " more



“ more happy than my present For-  
 “ tune ; then I could see *Chloe*  
 “ when I pleased, now *Lapes* has  
 “ robb’d me of her, and when  
 “ Night comes will bed her, whilst  
 “ I amuze my self here in eating  
 “ and drinking. In vain then have  
 “ I sworn by my Goats, by *Pan*  
 “ and the Nymphs.” All this was  
 over-heard by *Gnatho*, who lay con-  
 ceal’d in the Chappel ; and thinking  
 this a lucky Opportunity to restore  
 himself to Favour, took with him  
 some of the youngest and most sturdy  
 of *Astylus* his Servants, and going first  
 to *Dryas*, bid him conduct him to  
*Lapes* his Cottage, which he rea-  
 dily did ; and they all used so much  
 Expedition that they surpris’d *La-*  
*pes* the Moment he was got home  
 with *Chloe*, whom *Gnatho* reco-  
 ver’d out of his Hands by main  
 Force, and plentifully belabour’d  
 the Shoulders of every Boor that  
 had been assisting to him in the  
 Rape. As for *Lapes* himself, he was  
 for taking him Prisoner ; but he was

too nimble, and made his Escape. *Gnatho* having performed so notable an Exploit, return'd when it was quite dark, and not before *Dionysophanes* was got to Bed. As for poor *Daphnis* he had no Thoughts of Rest, but was still in the Orchard, full of Grief and Lamentation, when *Gnatho* presenting *Chloe* to him, told him what he had been doing to pleasure him; desiring him at the same time to forget what was past; to forgive him; to reckon him among the humblest of his Servants; and not forbid him his Table; which if he did, he shou'd in all likelyhood dye of Hunger. *Daphnis* beholding *Chloe*, whom he press'd close in his Arms, receiv'd him, without any Difficulty, into Favour, and made his Excuses to *Chloe*, for that he might have given her Reason to think he had forgot her. Then they both agreed to keep their Marriage-Vow a Secret, and that *Chloe* shou'd disclose her Love to no one but *Napæa*.  
But

But *Dryas*, who was privy to it before, was of another Opinion, and resolv'd to discover it the next Day to *Dionysophanes*, to whom he hoped he was able to offer such Arguments as might perswade him to approve of it. Wherefore early in the Morning, taking with him those Tokens of Discovery which he had found with *Chloe*, he went directly to *Dionysophanes*, who was sitting in the Orchard with his Wife *Clearista*, and his two Sons, *Astylus* and *Daphnis*.

“ My Lord, said he, Necessity has  
 “ compelled me to disclose a Secret like that of *Lamon*, which  
 “ ’till now has been discover’d to no  
 “ one. I am neither the Father,  
 “ nor was I the first that nourish’d  
 “ *Chloe* ; some other begot her,  
 “ and one of my Ewes first suck-  
 “ led her in the Cave of the  
 “ Nymphs, where she lay expos’d,  
 “ and where I found her, and have  
 “ hitherto maintain’d her. It is vi-  
 “ sible from her Beauty that she is  
 “ no



“ no Child of mine, for she has not  
 “ the least Resemblance either of  
 “ me, or of my Wife *Napæa*. The  
 “ things I found with her are a fur-  
 “ ther Evidence of what I say,  
 “ which are too rich and costly for  
 “ a Shepherd. View ’em, my  
 “ Lord, and see if by their means  
 “ you may be directed to the Know-  
 “ ledge of her real Parents, and if  
 “ upon the Discovery she may not  
 “ prove a Match suitable to *Daph-*  
 “ *nis*.” This was not spoken in vain  
 by *Dryas*, nor did it find a deaf  
 Ear in *Dionysophanes*, who look-  
 ing steadfastly upon *Daphnis*, and  
 seeing him change Countenance,  
 and turn about to weep, easily per-  
 ceiv’d there had been some amo-  
 rous Commerce between them;  
 and being more concern’d for the  
 Welfare of his own Son than of  
 another’s Daughter, was very cu-  
 rious in examining into the Parti-  
 culars of the Discovery *Dryas* had  
 been making: He once more dili-  
 gently survey’d the things found  
 with

with *Chloe*, and addressing himself to her, bid her be of good Heart, telling her she had already found a Husband, and that he did not doubt but she wou'd soon come to the Knowledge of her Parents. Then she was order'd to withdraw with *Clearista*, who caused her to be cloathed in a Habit suitable to one who was to be her Son's Wife; whilst *Dionysophanes* taking *Daphnis* aside, ask'd of him if she was still a Virgin. *Daphnis* assured him he had yet proceeded no farther with her than to kiss her, and told him of the Oath they were mutually bound under to marry each other. *Dionysophanes* could not forbear smiling at the new invented Oath, and made them both dine with him. It then appeared how much a natural Beauty is set off by the Ornaments of Dress; for *Chloe* being now richly clad, and having her Head decently attired, and at the same time testifying, in a chearful Countenance, the inward Satisfaction

faction of her Heart, seem'd to every one that beheld her so superior to what she had hitherto appeared, that even *Daphnis* himself cou'd hardly know her; and there was no one present but was ready to affirm upon Oath, that it was impossible she could be the Daughter of *Dryas* and *Napea*, who were at the same time sitting at the Table among many others, with *Lamon* and *Myrtala*. A few Days after the same Sacrifices were perform'd on *Chloe's* Behalf, as had before been solemnized in Honour to *Daphnis*, and the same Festivals renew'd on the Discovery had been made with Respect to her: Whilst she in like manner made an Oblation of her Pastoral-Instruments to the rural Deities respectively. Particularly she made a Libation of Wine in the Fountain that rises in the Grotto of the Muses, because she herself had been nourish'd, and found near the same. She likewise strew'd some Garlands and

Chap-



Chaplets of Flowers over the Grave where *Dryas* told her the Ewe that had suckled her was interred. Lastly, she breath'd an Air upon the Flute, as it were to comfort her Flock, beseeching the Nymphs, that if ever she came to find her natural Parents, they might prove worthy to be ally'd to *Daphnis*. When all these Ceremonies were over, they purpos'd to return into the City, in order to find out *Chloe's* Parents, that the Marriage between her and *Daphnis* might be speedily solemnised. Wherefore early the next Morning, so soon as their Baggage was truss'd up, *Dionysophanes* presented *Dryas* with another Three Hundred Crowns, and gave *Lamon* a Moiety of the Fruits of all the Lands and Vineyards he held of his Master; all the Goats with their Goatherd, four Yoke of Oxen, Garments of Fur for the Winter Season, and, to crown all, his Liberty into the Bargain; after which they set out for *Mytilene* with

with a long Train of Horfes and Carriages. It was fo late before they got to Town that Night, that there was no Notice of their Arrival 'till the next Morning, by which time it became publick, and then great Numbers both of Men and Women flock'd to the Houfe of *Dionysophanes* ; the Men to congratulate the Father for having recover'd his Son, efpecially when they found him fo genteel and beautiful ; and the Women to rejoice with *Clearifta*, for that ſhe had not only her Son reſtored to her, but at the ſame time had found a Virgin worthy to be his Conſort ; for they were all ſurprized to find *Chloe* of ſo perfect a Beauty, as that nothing cou'd exceed it. In ſhort, the Talk of the whole City ran upon nothing elſe, all agreeing that there was no where to be found a more beautiful Couple, and putting up their Prayers to the Gods that *Chloe's* Parentage might prove of ſuch a Rank as to be correſpondent to her Beauty, whiſt many of  
the

the richest Matrons in the City wish'd in their own Hearts to be reputed the Mother of *Chloe*. At length *Dionysophanes* having one Night spent some Hours in reflecting upon the Circumstances of his Affairs, fell fast asleep towards the Morning, and in his Sleep had the following Vision. He dreamt that *Cupid* had been importun'd by the Nymphs to hasten and accomplish the promis'd Nuptials, and that accordingly he unbent his Bow, and lighting with his Quiver upon the Earth, commanded *Dionysophanes* to invite the most considerable and wealthy Persons of the City to sup with them the Night following: and that when the Desert was brought upon the Table he shou'd cause the things, wherewith *Chloe* had been expos'd, to be produced likewise, which he was to expose to the View of all present, and then sing the Nuptial Song in Honour to *Hymen*. So soon as *Dionysophanes* awak'd and had reflected on his Vision he arose, and giving Or-

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ders for a magnificent Entertainment to be prepared, consisting of the greatest Delicates to be found, either upon Land, in the Sea, or in Lakes or Rivers, he sent and invited the most eminent of the City to Supper. At the End of the Banquet, and at the same time that the Cup was placed on the Table, out of which it was usual for the Guests to drink in Honour to *Mercury*, a Servant of the House brought in likewise a Silver Bason, wherein were contain'd those Tokens that were to be assisting to *Chloe* in the Discovery of her Parents. These were handed to all present, from Left to Right, in order as they sat at Table, and were acknowledg'd by none, 'till at last *Megacles*, who by reason of his great Age was placed at the upper End, immediately upon Sight of them, exclaim'd with a loud Voice, "Ye Gods, what do I see!  
 " My poor Child, what is become  
 " of thee! Art thou living? Or has  
 " some Shepherd found these things  
 " by

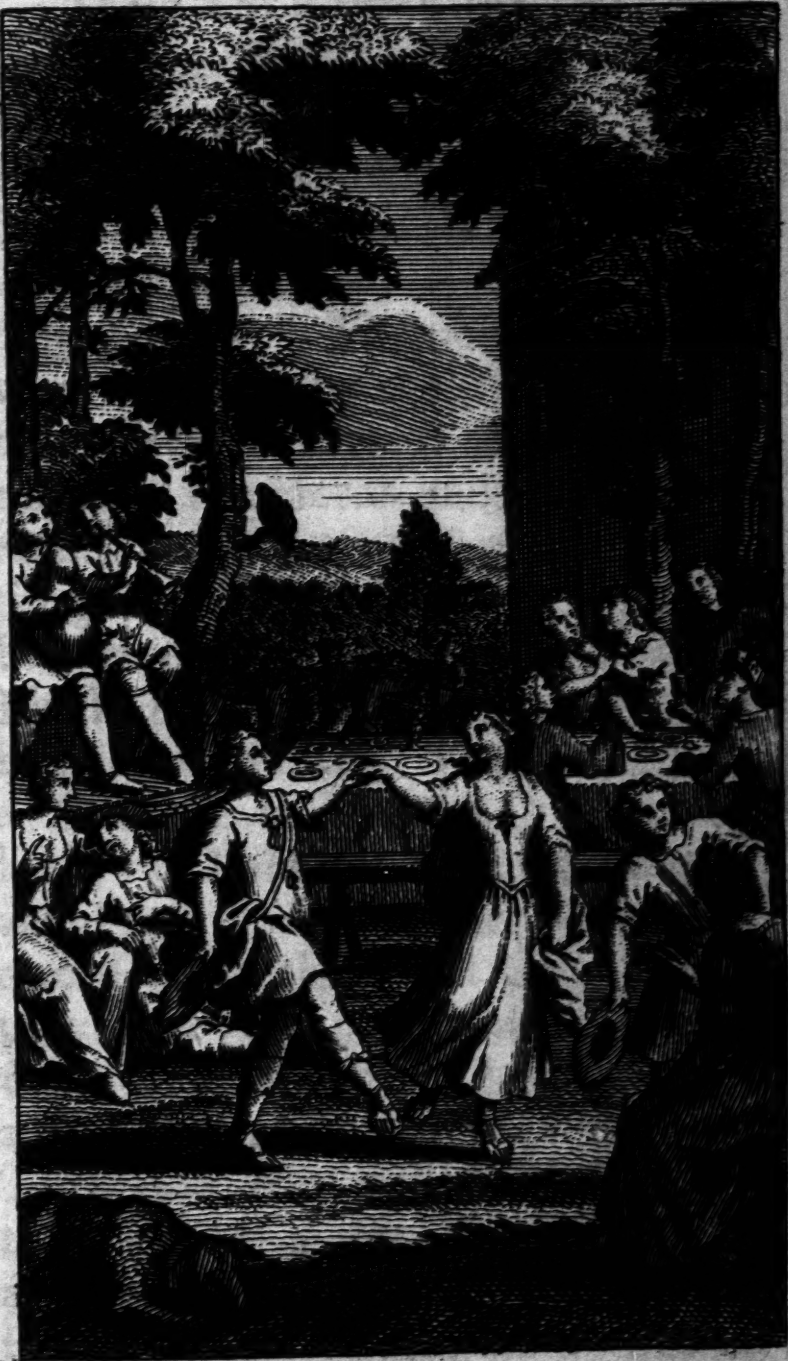
“ by Chance? I beseech thee, *Dio-*  
 “ *nyfophanes*, tell me from whence  
 “ thou hadst them: Do not thou,  
 “ who has found a Son, envy me  
 “ the Pleasure of recovering a  
 “ Daughter.” Before *Dionysopha-*  
*nes* wou’d give him any farther  
 Light into the Affair, he required  
 him to inform the whole Company  
 in what manner his Daughter had  
 been expos’d; whereupon the old  
 Man, with a Voice still more audi-  
 ble, began in this manner. “ There  
 “ was a time when I found my self  
 “ reduced to low Circumstances,  
 “ having wasted my Estate in pro-  
 “ viding publick Shows, and fitting  
 “ out Ships of Force. It was whilst  
 “ I was in this Condition that my  
 “ Wife was deliver’d of a Daugh-  
 “ ter, for whom I cou’d not pro-  
 “ vide out of the small Remains  
 “ of my Fortune, and therefore  
 “ chose to expose her and these  
 “ things with her, knowing there  
 “ are many, who having no Chil-  
 “ dren of their own, chuse to be  
 “ the reputed Fathers of Found-  
 “ lings.

“ lings, rather than to be thought  
 “ Childless; wherefore I caused her  
 “ to be exposed in the Cavern of  
 “ the Nymphs, and to be left there  
 “ under their Safeguard and Pro-  
 “ tection. Since this Fortune has  
 “ smiled upon me, and every Day  
 “ has brought me an Increase of  
 “ Wealth, but I have no Heir of  
 “ my Body to inherit my Estate;  
 “ for from that time to this I have  
 “ not been able to be Father, no  
 “ not so much as of another Daugh-  
 “ ter: But the Gods, to mock me,  
 “ have often told me in Dreams  
 “ that a Ewe shou’d make me a  
 “ Father.” At these Words *Dio-*  
*nysophanes* made an Exclamation,  
 even louder than that of *Megacles*,  
 and rising from the Table went to  
*Chloe*, whom he led in decently ha-  
 bited, and delivering her into the  
 Hands of *Megacles*, “ This is the  
 “ Child, said he, by thee exposed,  
 “ whom a Ewe was ordain’d by  
 “ Providence to nourish for thee;  
 “ as a Goat did the same Office to  
 “ *Daphnis*. Here, receive her and  
 “ the



“ the things expos’d with her, and  
 “ then restore her as a Bride to  
 “ *Daphnis*. They have been both  
 “ expos’d, and both recover’d.  
 “ They have been both bred up  
 “ together, and both protected by  
 “ the same Nymphs, by *Pan* and  
 “ Love.” *Megacles* with Joy em-  
 braced the Proposal, sending for  
 his Wife *Rhoda*, and holding *Chloe*  
 lockt fast in his Embraces. They  
 all lay that Night at *Dionysopha-*  
*nes’s* House, because *Daphnis* had  
 sworn he would suffer no Person  
 whatever to take *Chloe* from him,  
 not even her own Father. The next  
 Morning they both entreated their  
 Parents to suffer them to return  
 into the Country, because they  
 cou’d not accommodate themselves  
 to the Customs of the City, and  
 because they desired to be marry’d  
 after the Pastoral Rites and Cere-  
 monies, which was accordingly  
 granted them; and they all return’d  
 to *Lamon’s* House, where the Nup-  
 tial Feast was prepared with great  
 Magnificence. *Megacles* devored

his Daughter *Chloe* to the Nymphs, and besides several other Offerings, made them an Oblation of those Tokens, by the means whereof he had recover'd *Chloe*; besides which he made very rich Presents to *Dryas*. It proving a fine clear Day, *Diomysophanes* order'd Tables to be cover'd in the very Cavern of the Nymphs, and Seats of green Boughs to be rais'd; there he seated all the Peasants in those Parts. *Lamon* and, *Myrtala* were among the Guest and so were *Dryas* and *Napea*, *Dorcon's* Relations, the Children of *Philetas*, *Chranis*, and *Lycaenion*; even *Lapes* himself was present, having first obtain'd his Pardon. The Company consisting chiefly of Villagers, every thing they said or did had a Cast of the Village. One sung the Songs used by Reapers in the time of Harvest, another repeated the Jests with which the Wine-Pressers divert themselves in the Season of Vintage. *Philetas* play'd upon his Flute, and *Lapes* upon his Flageolet







let, to the Sound of which *Daphnis* and *Chloe* kiss'd each other. The very Goats fed at a near Distance from them, as if they had likewise been invited to the Wedding-Dinner. *Daphnis* call'd several of them by their Names, gave them green Leaves to browse, took them by the Horns and kiss'd them. And not only then but ever after the greatest Part of their Lives was Pastoral. They purchas'd large Flocks of Sheep and Goats, and had always for the Nymphs and *Pan* a singular Reverence. They relish'd no Food so favourly as Milk and Fruit; and what was more extraordinary, their first Child which prov'd a Son, was nurs'd by a Goat, and their second, which was a Daughter, suck'd by a Ewe. Their Son they call'd *Philopamen*; that is, *A Lover of Shepherds*; and their Daughter *Agelea*, which signifies *One that delights in Flocks and Herds*. Besides all this, they very magnificently adorn'd the Nymphs Grotto, where they dedicated

cated some beautiful Images, and rais'd an Altar to the Pastoral Cupid; and whereas Pan stood before only under the Covert of a Pine, they now enclos'd him in a Temple, which they called the Temple of *Pan the Warrior*. But this was done many Years after. When the Nuptial Night was come, they were conducted by all the Company to the Bridal-Chamber; some playing upon the Flute, and others upon the Flageolet. When they were come to the Chamber-Door they all began the Nuptial Song, with Voices so loud and sharp, as if they were cleaving the Earth with a Pick-Axe. Then *Daphnis* and *Chloe* lay together for the first time between a Pair of Sheets; they kiss'd, they embraced each other without closing their Eyes the live-long Night. It was then *Daphnis* practis'd upon *Chloe* the Lesson taught him by *Lycenion*, which made *Chloe* sensible that it was but Children's Play they had been at before in the Woods and Valleys.



